Jaguar

"ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER"—
THE FLICK THAT SHOWS IT ALL

LAUNCH PAD LOVING—
THE SPACEMAN WHO SHOT HIS LOAD

MY SISTER IS LAYING IN THE AISLE—
WE HOPE SHE'S MARRIED

CHERRY WILLING—
THE SMOOTHEST UNDERCOVER AGENT OF THEM ALL

THEY ITCH WHEN WE MAKE LOVE
STOP EATING CRACKERS IN BED

You'll find that some gals are more bold and brazen than others. Aggressive, they call them. The day of shyness seems over.

JAGUAR

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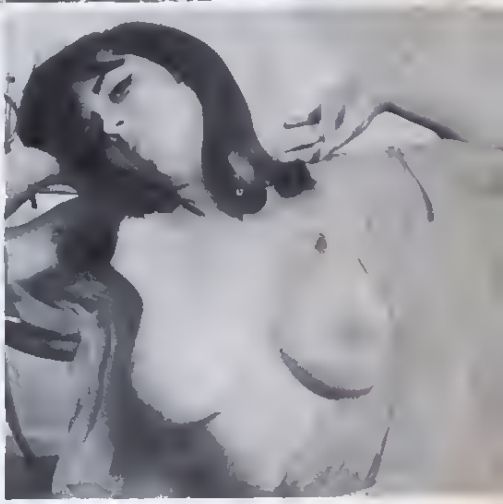
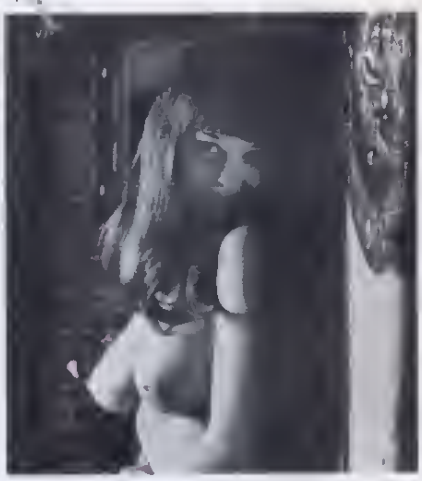




LAS VEGAS—ALL THAT GLITTERS....

■ Glowing like cords of shimmering Christmas-tree lights, Las Vegas sprawls in the desert darkness like a jeweled lady of the night offering herself to anyone seeking thrills.

No matter how you enter Las Vegas you are face to face with gamble. In the railroad terminal, the airport, and the bus stations are slot machines waiting. Thousands of visitors fall to get beyond these points, and so they never experience the thrills which lie in the inner city, along the famous Strip where 10 million visitors search for pleasure each year. From all over the United States, hordes of wealthy divorcees, secretaries, and vacationing swingers, hopefully stand at the roulette wheels, tossing dice and hoping for the luck that a man's presence often brings. After an evening, however, they are usually more than ready to forget their losses in a wild round of sexual abandon.

Gambling women are usually ready for anything. Groups of strangers wend their way to nearby motel rooms and it is not long before they strip themselves of tuxedos and sequin-studded gowns and fall hungrily across double beds, changing partners with the spin of the dice, but new bets are made.

Anyone who goes to Las Vegas will see Miss Secretary, a prim and proper looking young lady who is visiting Sodom with her wealthy boss. He wants her to have a good time, and since he's found himself a girl (shhh, don't tell his wife) he is quite anxious to unload Miss Secretary on anyone who'll take her.

Usually she can be found sitting next to the motel pool, warming her pretty legs in the heat of the desert sun. With only a little encouragement she is ready to forget morals, mother, and matrimony, and spend the night with you. Don't expect her to meet you the next day unless you've really turned on the old charm, however because she feels a bit guilty and she doesn't want you to get to know who she *really* is. What she's really after is a little fun,

Spectacular costumes and unusual nightclub acts are easy to find here

Girls with gambling fever are looking for other kinds of action too

A pretty secretary or a reckless divorcee can do a lot to brighten your stay in Las Vegas even if you lose your bankroll

and not a long-term romance

Divorcees in Las Vegas are numerous Many have come to spend the cash settlements they have received from a recently abandoned husband Like almost all newly divorced women they are looking for romance, and they are likely to flash around a few big bills to make you think they are rolling in green stuff Don't be fooled by this technique, however, because more often than not, they won't get out of the city with enough money to pay their next month's rent While you frolic with them, you'll find that they can be good company if only they can forget about how badly hubby treated them long enough to have some real fun

If you are taking a pretty young secretary to supper, but don't want to spend a fortune, she'll appreciate the Golden Nugget Restaurant, located inside the Golden Nugget Gambling Hall Underneath the glitter of huge chandeliers made of genuine crystal, you can walk her across the marble floors to the $100 000 mahogany bar The change girls and waitresses will swarm around you clad in scanty cowgirl costumes, and you will fancy yourself being in the heart of the Old West in the boomtown era.

Make sure you've read a copy of the Las Vegas Show Sheet so that you'll know where to take her at midnight after a late supper Or, of you prefer, you may take her to the Dinner Show which usually starts at 8 15 p m but be prepared to pay from $7 to $10 for the meal If you are going to The Strip, reservations are definitely in order The Midnight Show usually requires a $4 to $6 *(Continued on Page 53)*

Blackjack dealers in the pit at the Silver Nugget Casino in Las Vegas add excitement to the game.

Inhibitions are quickly shed—along with cloths—at a poolside party

ROUND THE WORLD CLUB—

Sex-Set Paradise Where Way-Out Sex Fantasies Come True

Every man has his fantasies, but on this island off the coast of Greece, a fortunate few can bring those daydreams to life. . . .

By Mario Puzo

■ From time immemorial almost every living male has had one or another secret sex fantasy that only propriety lack of cash, or fear of punishment or ridicule has kept him from acting out Finally, for those to whom money is no object there is a place where the most precious fantasies no matter how way-out can be realized without danger of resistance

The island of Tauros one of the 10 000 islands that dot the Aegean off the coast of Greece is owned lock stock and barrel by a wealthy Italian film producer, who calls himself, for obvious reasons, simply Mr P Since ordinary prostitutes would generally not fulfill the desires of Mr P's 'guests,' who usually despise anything smacking of the commercialism of the ordinary prostitute-john transaction Mr P recruits his girls from the ranks of those aspiring actresses who are willing to do literally anything for a chance to break into movies

In contrast to his volubility about his everyday world, where pubbcity is his lifeblood, Mr P is almost painfully shy about Tauros

"You can imagine the misunderstandings and difficulties that would occur if word of the activities on Tauros were to leak out to those who are not prepared to accept the philosophy that nothing done by human beings can truly be called perverse, Mr P said as he sipped an aperitif in a sidewalk cafe in Rome

After much urging Mr P reluctantly agreed to allow a reporter to pay a visit to Tauros, provided he keep his identity (Continued on Page 52)

MY SISTER IS LAYING IN THE AISLE— WE HOPE SHE'S MARRIED

When a beautiful chick like Angelina has three tough brothers who are ready to tear apart the first guy who does her wrong, there's only one good solution to the problem. . .

■ Just thinking about Angelina was enough to send Barry's temperature soaring. From the top of her head with its cascades of thick, black hair to the tips of her size-five feet, she was everything Barry could want in a woman. But it was what lay in between that really set Barry off. Angelina had the face of an angel and a body that was calculated to bring out the devil in any man. Barry had been dating her for six months now, and he was no closer to getting her into bed than he had been the first day he'd met her.

It wasn't for lack of trying on Barry's part that Angelina was still virginal. She was very nice about it, but very firm. "No ring, no hanky-panky."

Added to the fact of Angelina's resistance were her three brothers, Pete, Mike and Joe. Pete and Mike were burly longshoremen, capable of breaking any guy who got fresh with Angelina into little pieces with their bare hands. But Joe, the oldest, was the one who really put fear into Barry's heart. Joe made no bones about his connections with the "boys."

Every time Barry came to call on Angelina, Joe managed to drive up in his big limousine, a hard-eyed chauffeur at the wheel.

"Whaddaya fooling around with this creep?" Joe had said to Angelina the first time he'd met Barry.

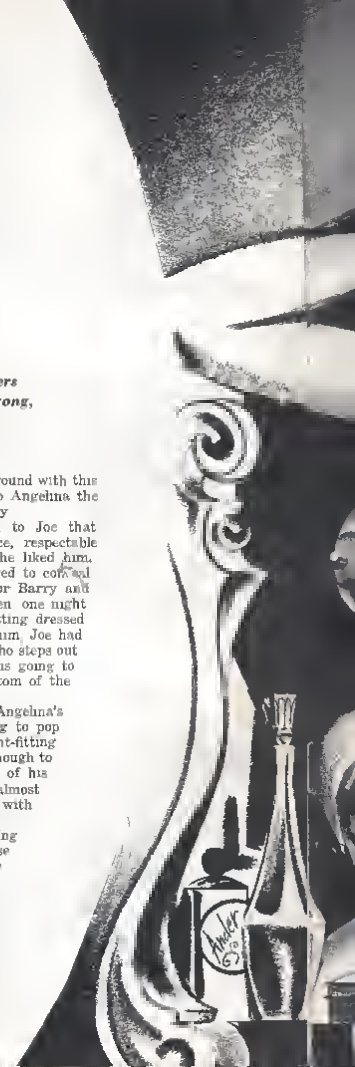
Angie had explained to Joe that Barry was a very nice, respectable young man and that she liked him.

Joe had never bothered to conceal the contempt he felt for Barry and Barry believed him when one night while Angelina was getting dressed to go to a movie with him, Joe had told Barry, "Any guy who steps out of line with my sister is going to find himself at the bottom of the river."

Still, the sight of Angelina's full breasts, threatening to pop out of the top of the tight-fitting dresses she wore, was enough to drive Barry nearly out of his mind, and make him almost willing to take a chance with Joe.

As he sat in the living room of Angelina's house in a section of the Village that had not yet been invaded by the hippies and artists Barry looked around at the

(*Continued on Page 59*)



LAUNCH-PAD LOVING

THE SPACEMAN WHO SHOT HIS LOAD

by Ross Reilly

She had pointed ears and feelers on her forehead, and a way of making love that was really out of this world!

■ Giant searchlights illuminated the massive Pluto 7 rocket, which would propel Sagittarius V into space for its probe of Jupiter. But even though half the dignitaries in the United States were at Cape Kennedy for tomorrow's blast-off, security rather than publicity was the guiding factor.

Congressmen were here making pork-barrel speeches about the additional appropriations they would earmark for NASA. Dissidents had come to demonstrate against what they considered a waste of money that could be put to better use on social problems at home.

Prime television time had been pitched by science specials, while other programs were being interrupted with official announcements that all systems were go, including the human one—Astronaut Orlind Smith.

On the TV screen appeared the living room of Orlind Smith's Houston home, where his chubby wife and bland-faced sons thanked astronaut wives for all the food they'd brought over.

On a dilapidated porch in rural South Carolina, Smith's aging parents were shown rocking away and trying to parry some of the questions journalists were putting to them. Between the (*Continued on Page 60*)

CHARTERED FOR PLEASURE

Newest Vacation Kick For Swingers Only

By Allan Down

Tired of singles resorts and planned sightseeing tours? There's a new kind of adventure on the high seas—'69 style. . . .

■ There was a time not too long ago when private cruises were restricted to a small group—millionaires. They'd sail their yachts traveling with just a few of their friends leaving the rest of us to find our vacation pleasures elsewhere.

For those who wanted to spend their one or two weeks away from the job on the high seas there was always the luxury liner cruise but often the cost of the trip—and the timing of departure—didn't quite fit in with vacation schedules and budgets.

And there were other disadvantages too. Those who elected to spend their vacations cruising to a warmer climate and, even more important 'getting away from it all,' often found themselves in exactly the same situation they could have expected at a resort hotel and in some ways at the office.

Every minute of the day was planned out by a social director. The ship's itinerary was planned well in advance and there was no time to linger at places that the individual found particularly interesting. Consequently there was no chance of getting away from a spot he felt unappealing. And perhaps worst of all the 'romantic moonlit nights' so highly touted in the travel folders were used for dinner dances and nothing more. If you and your dancing partner decided to set out for more private activity the shared stateroom posed insurmountable problems.

It was only a matter of time till somebody did something about the situation, and at last someday has. In the past few years a new type of 'on the seas' vacation has become increasingly popular bringing the private cruise pleasures of millionaires down to a popular price level within the reach of guys and girls of average income. It's the private pleasure cruise, and it's for swingers only!

Like the yachts and the ships, the private boats can be chartered—and charted—for pleasure. Some are cabin cruisers—others are yachts and schooners. They sail from all of America's major ports for lengths of time and to destinations governed only by the renter's imaginations and wallet.

Depending on size the boats can accommodate between four and as many as forty people. This allows the cost to be shared, bringing it down considerably. It is possible for six people to enjoy a seven day cruise for as little as $75 per person—less than the price of the same length of time at one of the singles-only resorts.

The cruises can be planned according to individual taste. You may decide that you want to go somewhere where the fishing is good... to a resort area where you can anchor the boat off the beach and take a launch to spend your days swimming and sunning or you can merely decide to go out (Continued on Page 63)

by Adam Granite

When the girl from S.T.R.I.P. is invited to the S.T.U.D. Farm, something—or somebody—has to give. . . .

■ It was another dark day at S T U D headquarters — when the electric company said that they were going to turn the juice off for non-payment, they *meant* they were going to turn the juice off

Maxwell Dumb, Ilya Darling, and S T U D secretary Marilyn Might sat around the conference table, secretly located in the conference room.

"Well," Ilya said, "S.T.U.D. is in serious trouble."

"You can say that again," Marilyn added. "There hasn't been a real man around here in I don't know how long."

"Now Miss Might," Maxwell said. "You know that the Society To Undermine Democracy has the best, most virile agents in the world—Ilya and myself."

"But there is just one thing we don't have—a way to stop *her*," Ilya said.

"Her?"

"Their secret agent—the girl from S T R I P. I'm talking about Cherry Willing."

"Cherry Willing?" Marilyn asked. "Why do they call her that? Is she really—"

"I don't think so," Maxwell said, "but she certainly is willing."

"And even worse," Ilya said, "she's a troublemaker. Here we are, just two guys from Brooklyn trying to make it with our own little secret agency, and every time we get a case, she comes in and ruins it. I can't stand it any more! Cherry Willing is driving us bankrupt!"

For the next few minutes, Maxwell and Ilya reviewed the facts—the case history of Cherry. More successful than the girl from UNCLE, more clever than the man from AUNTIE, and—yes—even more sexy than Barbara Feldon, Cherry was known in the business as the girl most likely.

Whenever the mission seemed impossible, she came in and — bang! Sometimes she even solved the case. And in the case of S T U D, she'd outdone herself. She'd managed to thwart S T U D's plans to put a stripper inside the cake served at a formal White House dinner for the prince of Litvakia, thereby averting an international incident.

She'd foiled S T U D's attempt to pipe laughing gas into a meeting of the U N Security Council, instead leaving Maxwell and Ilya with gas pains for months. In short, Cherry had made a mess of S T U D's entire operation, and now the time had come for her to be reckoned with.

"I reckon she has a secret weapon," Maxwell said. (*Continued on Page 64*)

CHERRY
WILLING—
THE
SMOOTHEST
SECRET AGENT
OF THEM ALL

I MET CLEOPATRA'S KILLER

By Gordon Bleeker

Vipers swayed all about me in the hot Egyptian sand, and I stood hypnotized by their yellow cat's eyes, too full of fear to even imagine the death that waited for me . . .

■ I never again want to know fear the way I knew it that day five years ago in the Anglo Egyptian Sudan Even now I get the shudders when I remember those deadly snakes though all my senses assure me that I m safe within the canyon walls of a big city The doctors call it a 'trauma and they say I'll recover eventually

I wonder how many people have ever really been afraid' I don't mean with the kind of fear you get if you should suddenly slip off the subway platform when a train is roaring down the track or even the fear of pain or death It s more than that—it s a fear that consumes you like the cold from a deep-freeze turning even your blood to ice and driving your body's heat to your brain where it sears with liquid fire You can t move you can't scream you can t even think But if you survive you can remember and it s a memory that will stay with you always

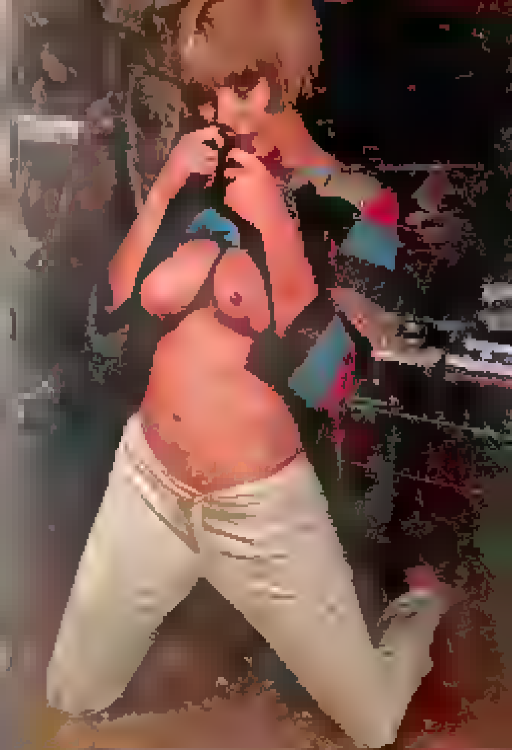
I stood almost in the center of an acre of hot sand that flattened out like a bald spot on the mangy surface of the plain The desert grass growing around it swayed gently in the hot breeze In the distance were the low Egyptian buildings which formed the town of Kosti on the Nile But they might as well have been a thousand miles away My horse had bolted after it had thrown me and my companion, George Brubaker, had galloped after it to catch it He hadn t seen the reason for the horse s panic Now I was alone, surrounded by a score of rhinocerous vipers, horned snakes more deadly than the cobra

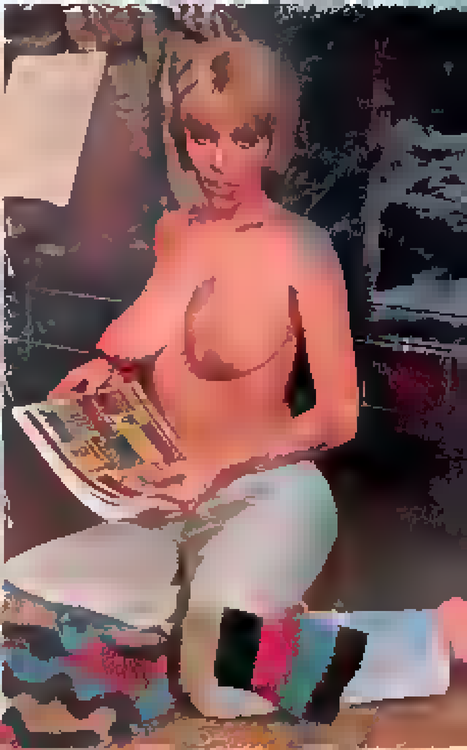
Their ugly diamond shaped heads reared

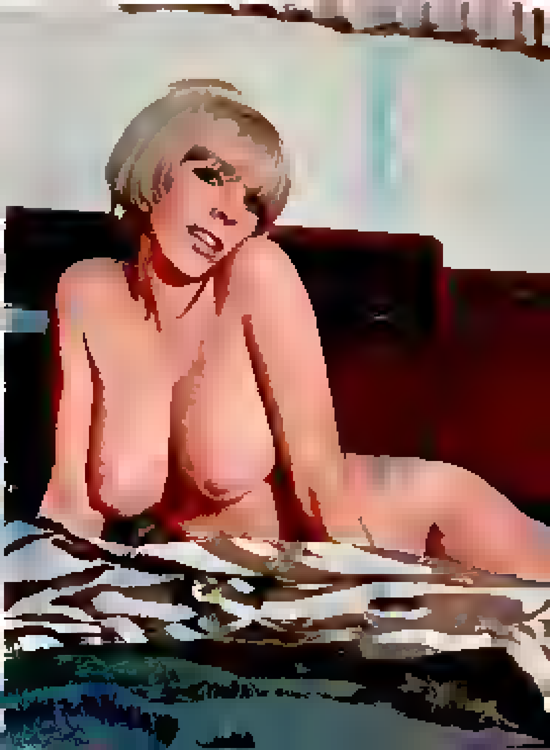
(Continued on Page 67)

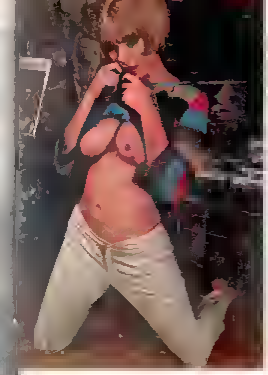
Physical Fitness Fan

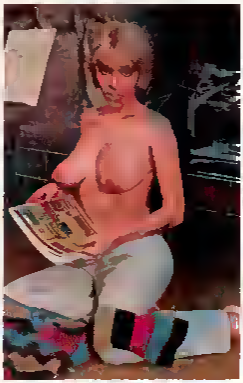
'I guess some of my friends call me a 'health nut',' says Marsha, "but that doesn't bother me a bit. I believe in physical fitness, in improving on what nature gave you." Marsha works as a clerk in a health-food store, and is the most enthusiastic user of the products she sells, from vitamins to sea weed.

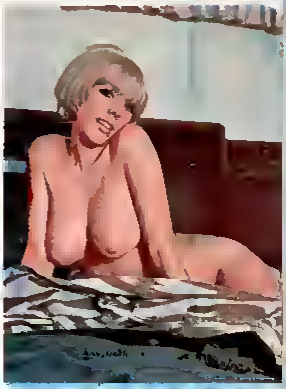


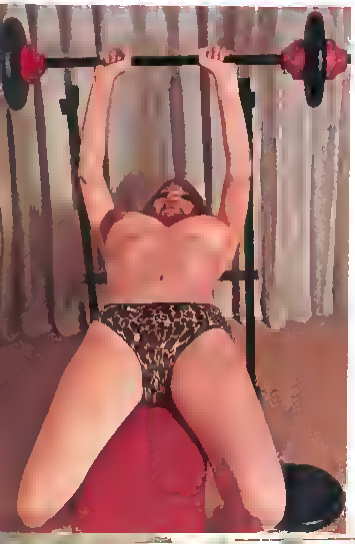












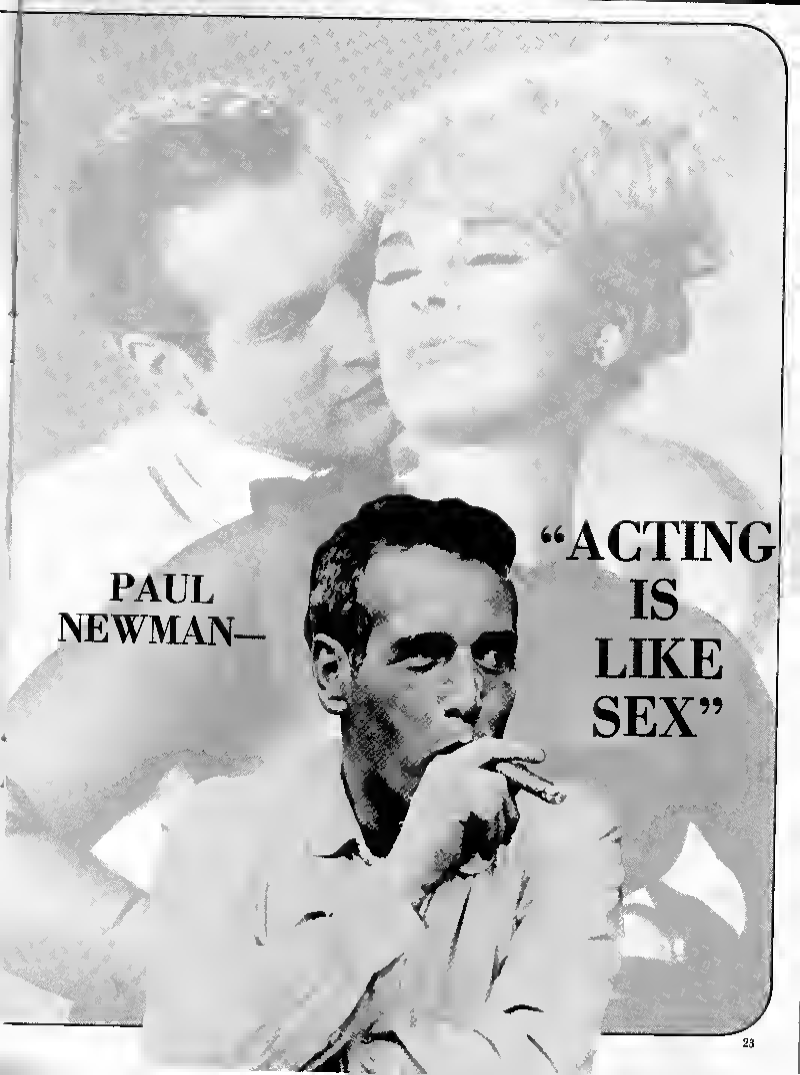
Marsha also keeps a collection of exercise equipment in her pad, and uses it every day. "A slantboard is wonderful for improving a girl's circulation," she says. "And I also like to work out with barbells." Still, she has other interests besides physical fitness because she wants to be an interesting person. She likes folk singing and can play the guitar to accompany herself. "It's always been my goal to be a well-rounded personality," Marsha explained. We think she has succeeded.

"You just do it and you don't talk about it!"
says Paul Newman,
Hollywood's most complicated sex god.

■ "I was actually born the son of a poor Indian renegade," actor Paul Newman enjoys telling newspaper interviewers and would-be biographers. "My mother was a poor, invalid lady. I had to read poetry to her by the hour. When I was 17, I ran away from home and became a merchant seaman aboard an Iranian tuna fisher. Got laid at the age of 14 by a young Eskimo girl—which is why I've always had such a fond feeling for Eskimo pies ever since."

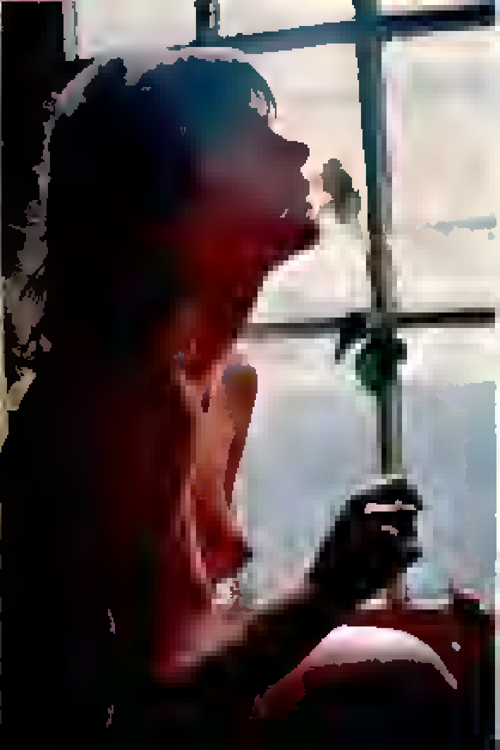
At this point in the interview the reporter usually doubles over with self-conscious laughter, but the unruffled Mr. Newman continues casually, "Soon I learned the trick of double parking in front of whorehouses. Never got a ticket. Subsequently, I became a lumberjack, a driver of nitroglycerin, an admirer of Brigitte Bardot, and one of the great popcorn cookers in the business. I did my first acting work as a narrator in cartoons, playing Dumpy in *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. After that, my career blossomed and I graduated to porno pix. There are some of those floating around that my wife doesn't know about."

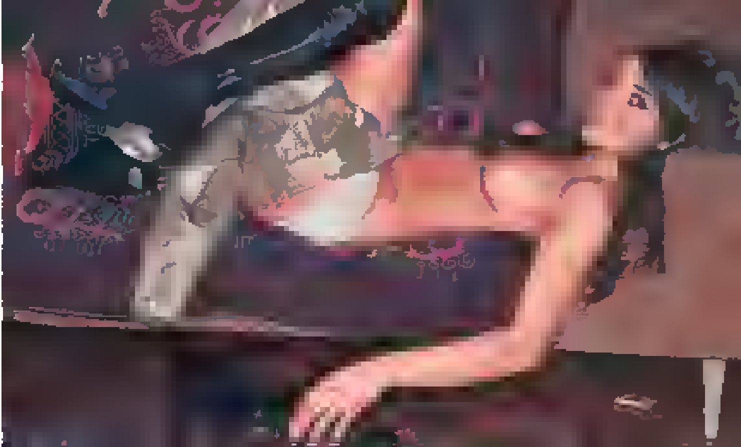
The interview concluded, Paul Newman now quietly informs the flabbergasted reporter that everything he has just said was pure fiction—a complete beautiful lie. The interviewer, who doesn't know whether he should feel put-on or put-out, quickly gathers up his useless pile of notes and beats a hasty retreat for the nearest bar or taxicab. Paul Newman takes special pride in his tongue-in-cheek knack of totally confusing the Hollywood journalistic corps. He detests personal interviews and particularly enjoys teasing the publicity-mongering, middle-aged Auntie (*Continued on Page 69*)

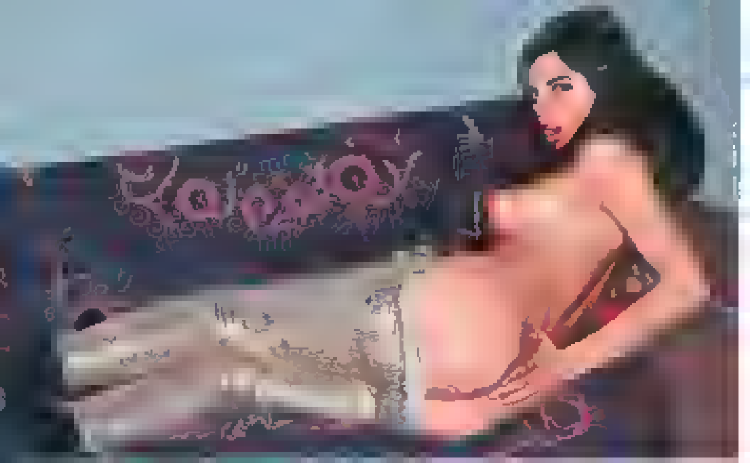

PAUL
NEWMAN—
"ACTING
IS
LIKE
SEX"

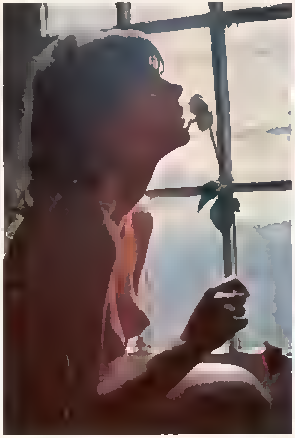
The Sound Of Beauty

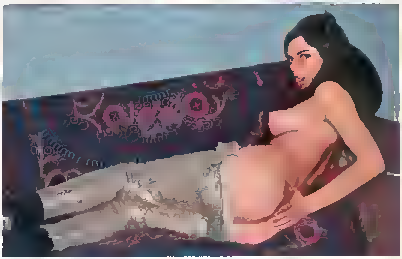
Denise is a speech teacher, who tells us that she came to New York to be an actress and, realizing how crowded that profession was, switched to teaching voice and diction to her many appreciative pupils When we asked her for a few useful pointers she said, "Most people suffer from lip-laziness They don't use their lips and tongue enough when they talk."

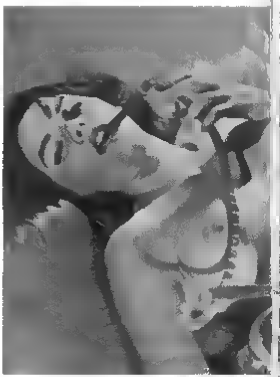


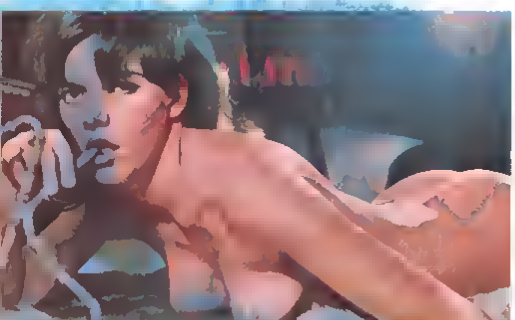


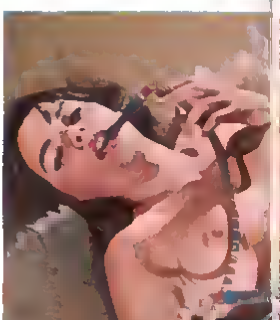


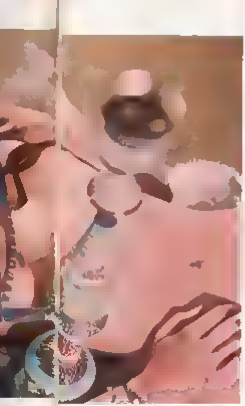


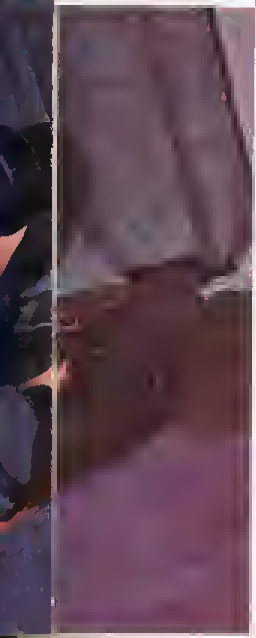




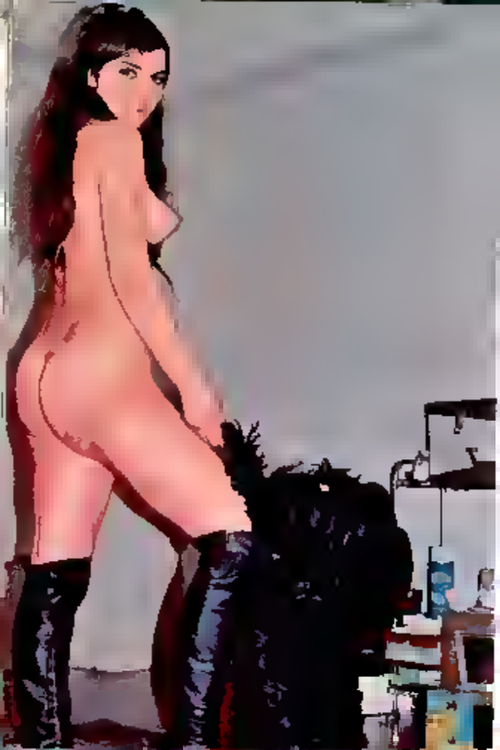


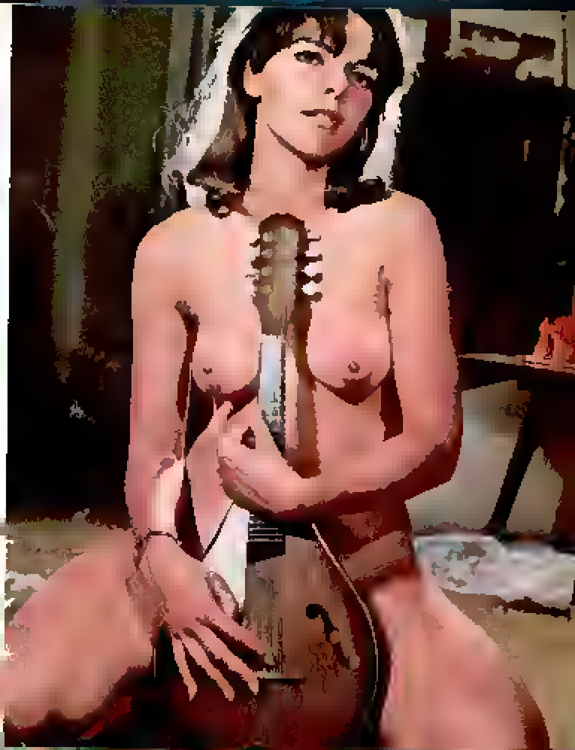


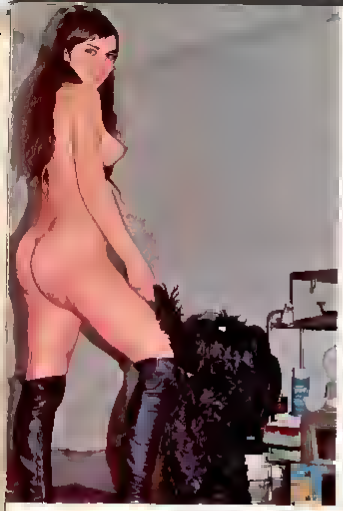


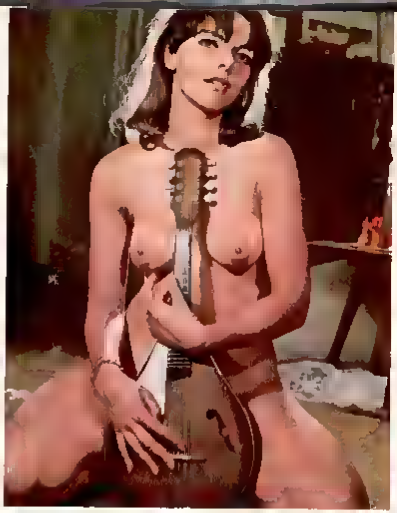


Denise says she always starts her pupils with a series of lip and tongue exercises to improve their tone and diction We asked if she doesn't ever regret giving up her career as an actress "Not at all," she said "I love my work and my pupils all seem to like me, which is always flattering to a teacher." Looking at you, Denise, it's not hard to understand your popularity with your pupils In fact, we might just sign up for some speech lessons for ourselves, too









Of course, one look at a teacher like Denise might make anybody stammer, at first, just from the shock of seeing such unusual beauty in a classroom. But, in any case, her students' gain is the theater's loss—and we don't say that with tongue in cheek

THEY ITCH WHEN WE MAKE LOVE

When it came to problems with women, Jerry had discovered one simple rule—and it always seemed to do the trick.

By Arthur French

■ Jerry looked at Rita as she flounced down the narrow aisle between the row of desks. Her gently swaying hips set Jerry's blood to tingling.

"Boy, what wouldn't I give if she'd give me just one chance. Just one chance, that's all I'd ask," he thought to himself.

His thoughts were interrupted by the unpleasant voice of Eddie Rome. "Bet you'd give your eyeteeth for a chance at Rita, wouldn't you? Well, I'll tell you what it's like in a few days," Eddie said and sauntered off.

Rumor around the office had it that Rita had a real case on Eddie, the office version of the great lover. Eddie had half the girls in the place crazy about him, with his dark good looks, muscular physique and air of assurance.

That rumor didn't bother Jerry. He had known Eddie Rome for a long time and knew that he was a big phony. But lately he had heard that Rita had been having lunch with Eddie nearly every day. That bothered Jerry. Not only did the thought of any man's beating him out with Rita upset him, but a girl like her getting mixed up with a 14 carat phony like Eddie really bugged him.

But, he reminded himself, there was nothing much he could do about it. Jerry wasn't normally a shy type—he'd always had his share of women—but whenever Rita came near him he found that his mouth went dry and he was completely unable to speak.

He had taken Rita out a couple of times but had never got (*Continued on Page 71*)

Stop Eating Crackers In Bed

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he
the
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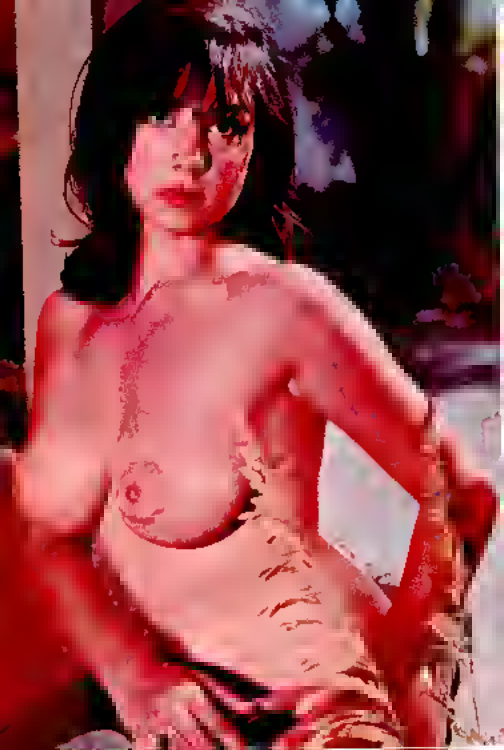
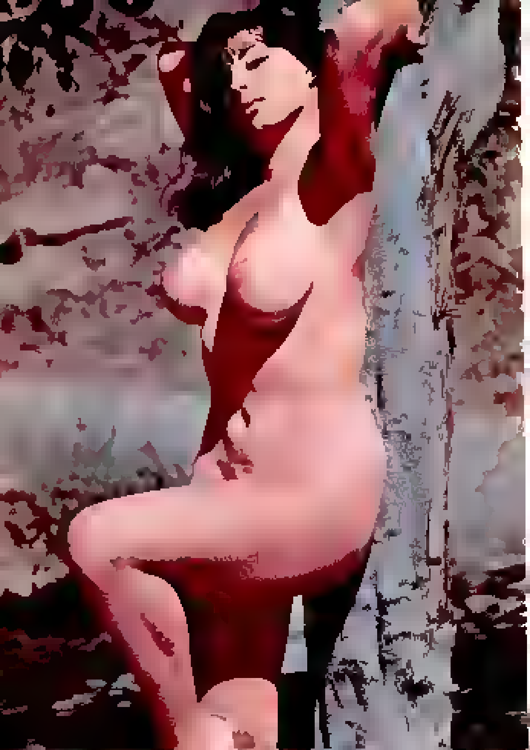
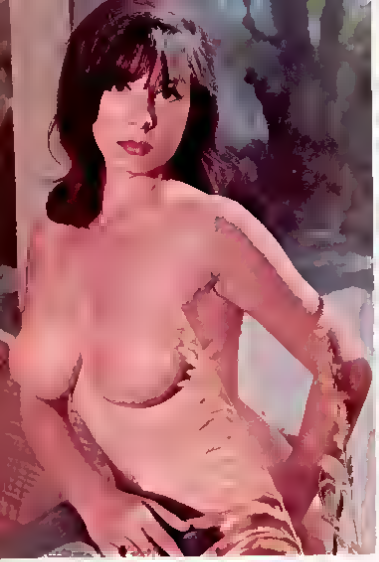
y, and

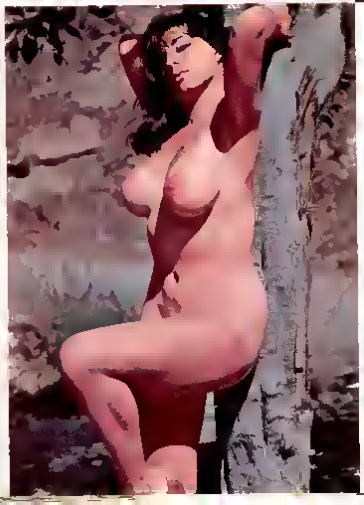
Farmer's Daughter—New Style

■ *"I've always been a country girl," says Hilary, our 20-year old farmer's daughter, "but believe it or not, farm life is changing just as rapidly as life in the city. Since my father didn't have any sons, he expects me to take over the operation of our farmlands when he gets old, and that means I have to go to the state agricultural college to learn the latest scientific farming methods. I've taken courses in biology, chemistry, and even economics"*





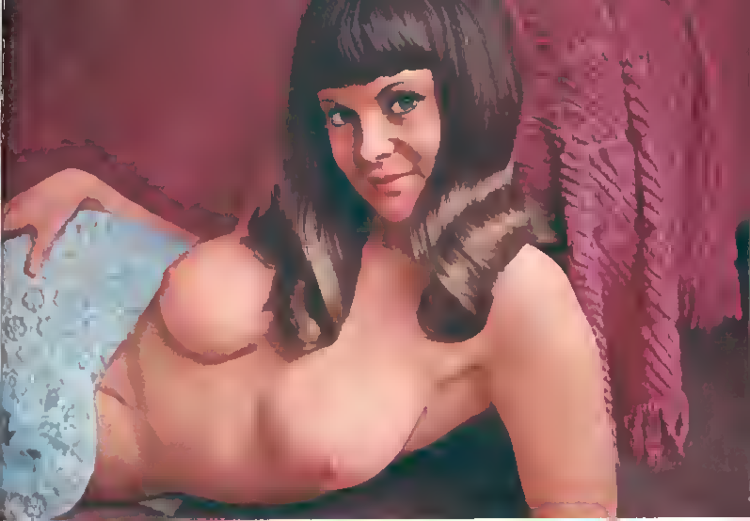


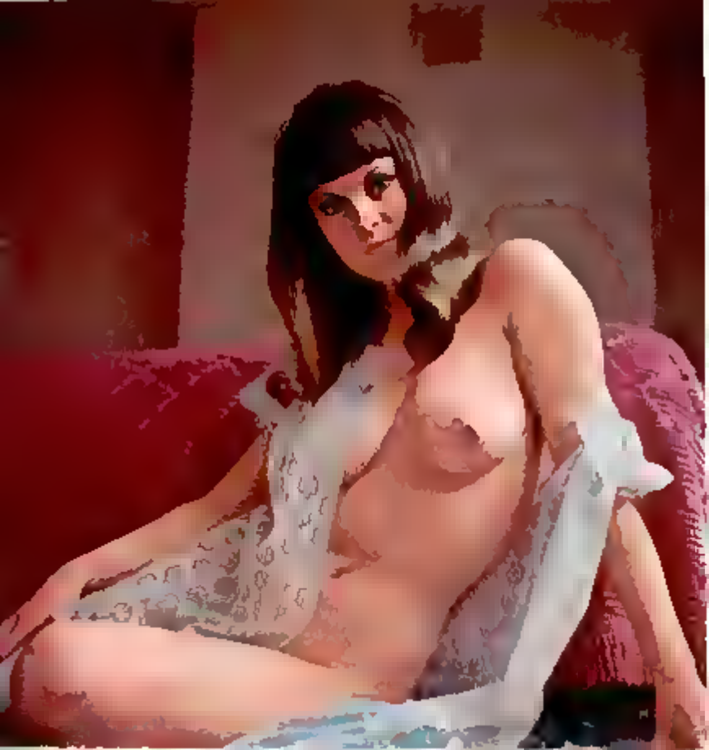


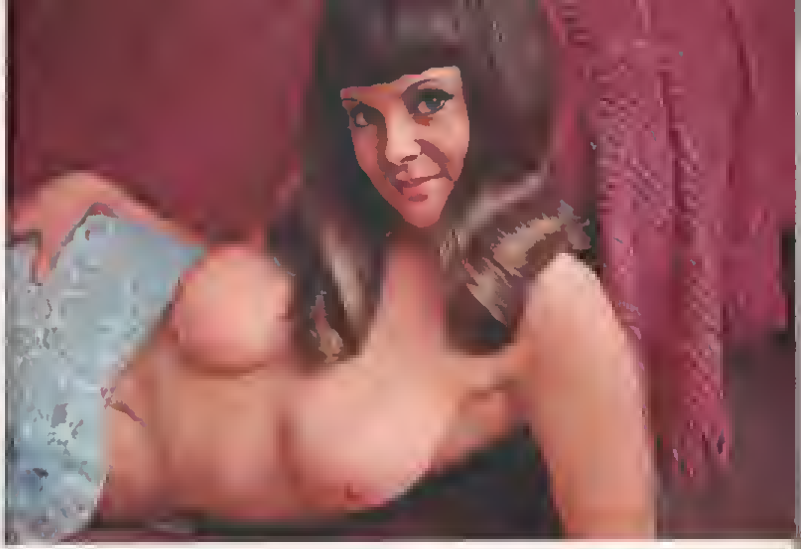
"Of course, I've also been running farm machinery for quite some time," our country lass continues, "and all that heavy work makes me yearn for a place where I can just feel pretty and feminine. So I've made my room at home into a kind of retreat—it's just filled with frills and soft colors and all those other things that make a girl feel like a girl. I guess no matter how much new-style learning I get, I'll always be old-fashioned at heart."

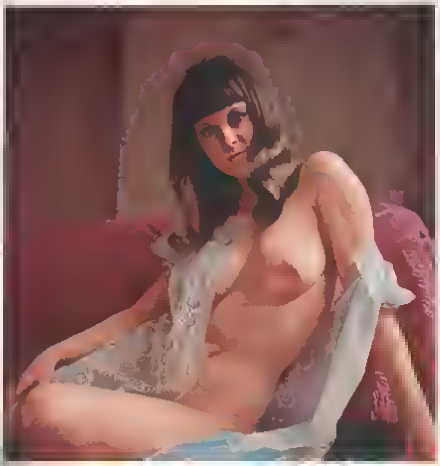
LADY OF THE HACIENDA

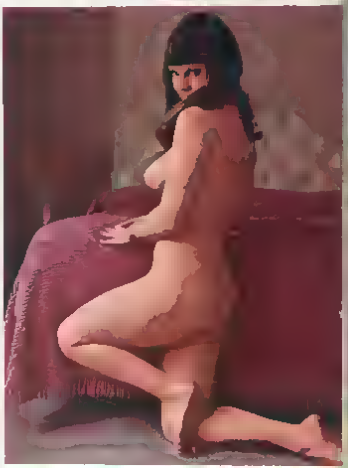
Lovely Felicia, 23 years old, comes from a long line of proud Spanish beauties. Her family is descended from a wealthy landowner who settled in New Mexico in the 17th century. His descendants have lived in New Mexico ever since, and Felicia is the latest inhabitant of the ancestral family hacienda, which she tries to keep in repair.











When asked about her future, Felicia said, "I want to marry a man as handsome as my ancestor was, but one who is handy around the house, too. Living in a 200-year-old mansion is fun, but it takes a lot of work!"

Bill Vanders, an American actor, relaxes with "barmaids" who are like nothing he's ever seen at home.

RIGHT: Italian actress Poggy, all dressed up for her role in "One on Top of the Other"

ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER

THE FLICK THAT SHOWS IT ALL

■ The Italians always seem to be years ahead of their time when it comes to making movies. First such gems as "8½" and "La Dolce Vita" stunned the American public with their frank treatment of modern mores — now "One on Top of the Other," which is being shot in Rome, takes a new look at nudity. Critics have long expressed the opinion that nudity on the screen or stage would soon become boring if the public came to accept it as an everyday ingredient of "art." The makers of "One on Top of the Other" have given new interest to the female form by dressing their actresses in the exotic costumes you see here.

ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER

Peggy again and actress Marisa Mell, who looks calm and collected—and a bit overdressed

Marisa Mell and French actor Jean Sorel are served champagne in very posh surroundings—by a waitress who remembers that "a lady never forgets her gloves"

AN ARMOURED VAN PROGRANT WITH ITS CARGO OF CURRENCY HURRIES OVER THE ROAD TOWARDS IT'S DESTINATION
COIN IT
UNAWARE THAT SOMEWHERE OFF THE HIGHWAY SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS UNKNOWN
?
SECRET AGENT 0069
JAGUAR BOND OF O.R.G.I.E.
*ORGANIZAT ON
REFRESHING GIRLS INNER ECSTASIES
IT'S ONLY THE DOOR BELL BABY GIRL!
SO, LET IT RING! GIMMIE YOUR GLASS AND LET'S FIND A COZY COUCH AND MAKE AN ATTEMPT AT MAKIN' WHOOPEE!
GRIM NEWS BOND CHAP! LET'S TALK!
WELL WHY SO GLUM CHUM? CMON IN WE'LL RAP SOME
BLINKS ARMOURED TRUCKS ARE DISAPPEARING OFF THE HIGHWAYS AT AN ALARMING RATE EACH OF THEM CONTAINING FUNDS FOR FORCIGN GOVERNMENTS
AND THATS WHAT THREW THE CASE INTO OUR HANDS!
ZANDERBREWS
WE'LL HAVE TO HOP OVER TO BLINKS AND GET TH DETAILS!
BONDYS GOT A TAIL! BRIGHT GIRL WERE!

THERE IT IS GALS! A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS WE LIFTED FROM BLINKS! STICK WITH "BIG MAE" AND YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO "LIFT" ANYTHING HEAVIER THAN A THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL!
NOW THAT'S THE KINDA BAIL I DON'T MIND TOYIN! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED SOMETHING GREEN IN MY WARDROBE!
OKAY YOU BROADS STASH THE CASH I'LL GO STICK BY THE RADIO AN WAIT FOR OUR "STOOLIE" UH I MEAN OUR INFORMER AT BLINKS TO TIP US OFF WHEN THE NEXT SHIPMENT GOES OUT!!
AGENT BOND AND COMMISSIONER VISIT THE BLINKS ARMOURED CAR CO AND TALK WITH IT'S OWNER
OUR MOTTO MR OOLA IS BLINKS KEEPS AN EYE ON YOUR CASH BUT WE'VE HAD SO MUCH STOLEN LATELY OUR CLIENTS THINK WE ARE GOING BLIND
DON'T WORRY BLINKY OLE BOY I'LL FIND OUT WHO'S PULLIN' THE WOOL OVER YOU EYES!
BLINK
BLINKS
LOAN ME A NICKLE!
HEY BONDY WHY NOT START THIS CASE OFF BY HOOD WINKING ME HUH?
SHEESH!
ALRIGHT JAG! IT'S IN YOUR PANS! DON'T LET ME DOWN!
DON'T WORRY CHIEF!
I'M READY TO START WORK AS OF NOW!
HEY BONDY MAKE ME YOUR LABOR PROBLEM HUH?

THE SECRET AGENT PUTS HIS PLAN INTO ACTION! PHASE I A BLINKS TRUCK OUT ON IT'S ROUTE!!
TRAILING NOT FAR BEHIND; OUR HEROIC TRENCH COATED MAN FROM ORGIE JAGUAR BOND!
OH' SO THEY SENT OUT A TRUCK WITH SUPER SLUETH 006? FOLLOWING IT EH! OKAY OKAY WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
SUDDENLY A HELICOPTER SWOOPS DOWN ON BONDS CAR BLASTING IT WITH A THICK SMOKE SCREEN
DON'T CHA THINK WE OUGHTA MAKE WHOOP-EE BEFORE SOMETHIN HAPPENS WITH BONDY?
I'VE GOT NEWS SOMETHING IS HAPPENING NOW! I CAN'T SEE A DAMN THING! HANG ON NUTWIT!
BLINDED BY CAR CRASHES OUT OF CONTROL!
WE'VE GOT SIX SECONDS BEFORE HITTING BOTTOM! LET'S TRY DOIN THE "THING" WHAT SAY WITH BOND?
I SAY — GEE-RON-NEE-MOE-E-EERS!
WHAM
THE COPTER THEN DROPS CABLES THAT HAVE ELECTRO MAGNETS AT THE ENDS AND LIFTS THE TRUCK OFF THE ROAD !!!
CLUNK!
DOWN TO THE HI JACKERS HIDE OUT IT'S DOWNTOWN ABANDONED MINE!
UPON EXAMINATION ...
IT'S EMPTY!
RUNNN!

HEY BONDY, C'MON I FOUND A CLUMP OF GRASS AN BUSHES THAT ARE PERFECT FOR MAKIN WHOOPEE ?
HERE'S MY NEW PLAN ! MR BLINKS FORCE THAT INFORMER TO CALL THE HI JACKERS AND TELL 'EM A SPECIAL CARGO IS GOIN OUT ! THEN LOAD THIS CAGE ON THE TRUCK !
OOK9 CALLING M.O.M ! CHIEF ? I FOUND OUT HOW THE TRUCKS ARE BEING HI-JACKED !
GRAND SHOWING JAG LAD ! GOOD NEWS HERE ! WE CAUGHT AN INFORMER AT BLINKS ! YOU WANT TO MEET ME HERE AT BLINKS ?? RIGHTO BOY !
I'LL BE IN IT
YES SIR
HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU RE DOING !
M&M YOU HAVE A CONTINGENT OF OFFICERS ON THE ROOF OF MY APARTMENT BUILDING !
THE "INFORMER" IS FORCE TO CONTACT THE HI JACKERS AND RELAY THE FALSE INFORMATION !!!
WE GOT GUNS LIKE IN TH MOVIES!
WIND UP THE CONTOR !
JOKE
STEP ON IT ! THERE'S A SPECIAL CARGO THAT BLINKS TRUCK IS HAULING !
INSIDE THE HIDE OUT
HEY BONDY BETCHA IT'S A RALL MAKIN WHOOPEE IN A SPEEDY BLINKS TRUCK HUH BONDY HUH ??
I HOPE THIS BROAD REMEMBERS WHAT TO SAY WHEN THE TIME COMES !
THERE IT IS ! GET READY TO DROP THE ELECTRO MAGNETS !
HEY, WHAT THE HELL IS THAT ?
THAT BIG MAC ! IS THE ONLY TALKIN AND LOVE-MAKIN' JAGUAR IN TH WORLD ! HE'S WORTH A FORTUNE !

OKAY, SO YOU CAN TALK! NOW LET'S SEE YOU MAKE LOVE TO MY THREE GIRLS SPOTS!
BRING 'EM ON, BIG MAE!
YOU FIRST FRECKLES!
MAH GOODNESS!
WE SHALL OVER COME WE SHALL OVER COME! I SHALL OVER
IF YOU DO, I'LL REMOVE YOUR SPOTS ONE BY ONE.
I CAN PUT MY COPTER DOWN ON A DIME! HOW GOOD IS YOUR AIM?
SERGEANT YORK AN CALAMITY JANE WERE MY PUPILS!
SO I'M CONVINCED YOU CAN TALK AND MAKE LOVE!
WHERE DO WE DELIVER THIS? WHAT EVER IT IS?
THERE'S A MILLION-AIRE AT THE ZANDERBREW ARMS WAITIN TO UN LOAD ONE MILLION FOR THIS BABY!
THEN OUR NEXT STOP IS THE ROOF OF THAT JOINT!
FLUT
PUT YOUR GUN DOWN OLE GIRL YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
WAIT A MINUTE BIG MAE! THE PLACE IS CRAWLIN WITH COPS!
WHAT?
GOOD SHOW CHAPPIE! CASE IS CLOSED!
THANKS CHIEF
HEY, DONDY! HOW'S BOOT MAKIN' WHOOPEE IN
I KNOW, I KNOW! AT THIS STAGE OF THE GAME HOW CAN I REFUSE..
END

The Hodaka Ace 100 is reminiscent of the old Ford days—one color one model The way it operates, they don't need to offer any others!

TRAIL BIKES FOR THE SPORTSMAN

With an easy stride, reach out and hunt where others can't.

■ The gray stillness of an early predawn drive in search of Mr. Ruffed Grouse was shattered as I approached the dirt road leading to my favorite hunting territory, an old, abandoned apple orchard. Crestfallen, I watched six other hunters blocking the road as they marched up the stretch that I had come to think of as my own. Of course, ownership was by association rather than title. Perhaps, you, too, have experienced the same sense of sadness and frustration.

With today's double problem of more hunters taking to the woods and more land that is suitable for harboring game sprouting "POSTED LAND—NO TRESPASSING" signs one is forced to seek other areas in which to hunt. That brings us, perhaps, to the necessity of changing our methods of hunting and mode of travel.

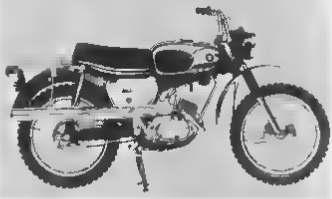
Here is where the use of the trail bike comes in. Built for the trail, it opens up new vistas, otherwise almost inaccessible, by going where four-wheel vehicles can't go. The hunter arrives ready to hunt, faster and less fatigued than if he were to cover the same distance on foot.

The trail bike for the sportsman, be he hunter, fisherman or camper, should contain a power unit in the vicinity of 100-cc engine displacement. There should also be an easily switchable low-gear ratio set up for field and trail, and a high-gear ratio for normal street use.

Optional equipment on many machines is the automatic clutch, which is very effective for the task at hand. Hand brakes come into their own during especially rough going when the bike has to be walked up or down steep inclines with finger-tip control. Another handy little gadget is a baggage rack that is wide enough to hold adequate loads.

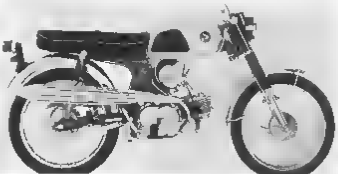
Mr. Dale B. Naef, Editor of Motor Cycle World Magazine and I have selected the bikes on the following page as examples of well-built machines, capable of providing you with many enjoyable years in the field.

The very popular Yamaha is a rugged performer. Strong low-end torque and a multispeed transmission guarantees optimum results



Suzuki features a clever little device that allows the rider to switch from "road" gearing to "trail" gearing with the flick of the boot

New this year is the MiniScrambler from the Benelli Company. The little "hot-blooded" Italian bike will take its rider just anywhere he cares to venture



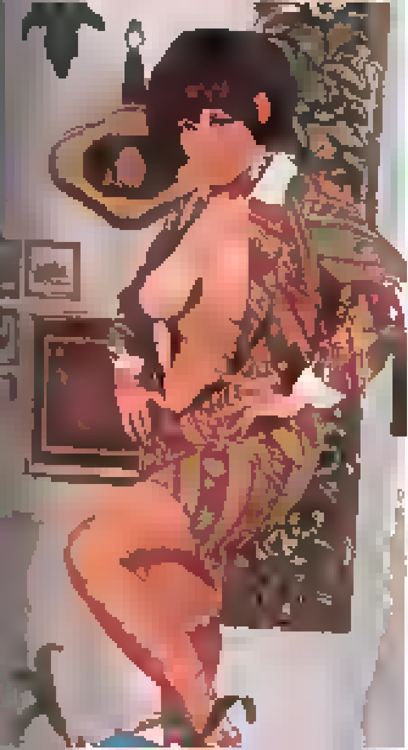
Honda Motor Company has many "off road" bikes in their line-up. They also have one of the best dealer net works in the country

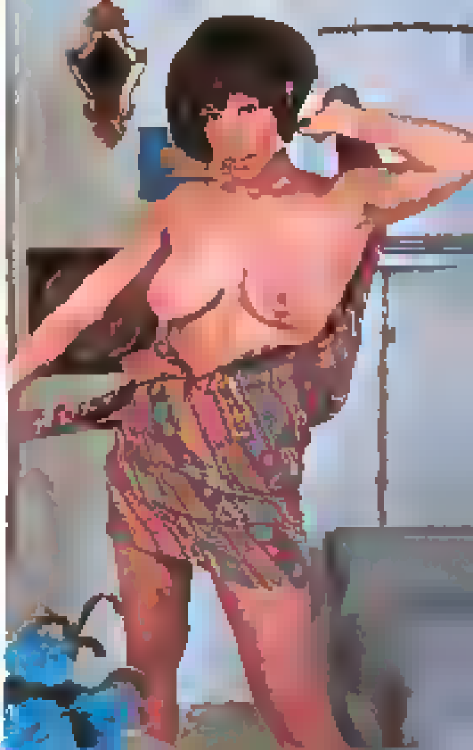
This is one Sachs that won't be found on 5th Avenue. It's designed to give flawless results off the beaten path

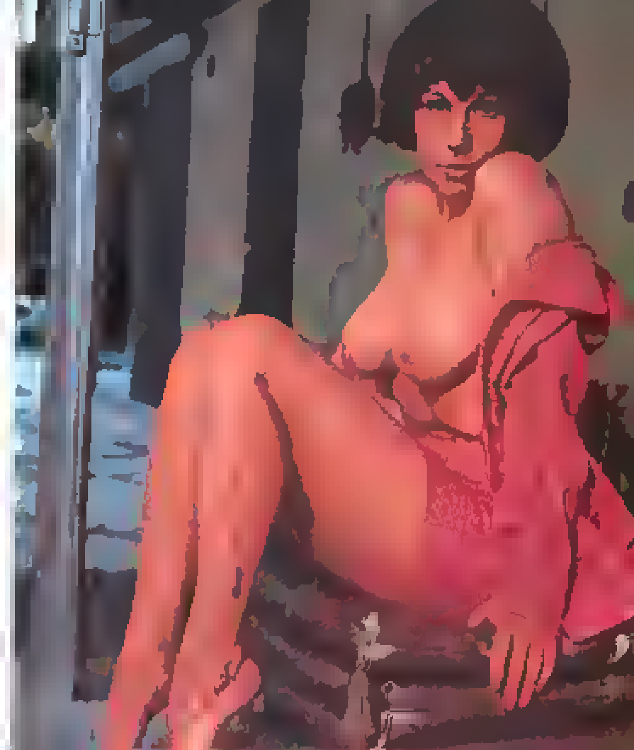
Bike	Weight (lbs.)	Engine	HP/RPM	Bore & Stroke mm/mm	Com Pression Ratio	Max Speed MPH Approx.	Fuel Consumption (MPG) Approx.	Tire Size Front	Tire Size Rear	Trans mission	Clutch	Price
Benelli Dynamo Compact	98	2-Cycle	NA	49/39	6 1	50	150	3 50" x 8"	3 50" x 8"	4-Speed Foot Sh ft with Preselector	Wet Mult plate Type	$285 00
Honda 90-cc Scrambler	176	4-Stroke O H C Single-Cylinder	8.0/9 500	50/45	9 2 1	65	160	2.50" x 19"	2 50" x 18"	4-Speed Constant Mesh	Wet Multiplate Type	$342 00 West Coast
Sachs Cross-Country 100-cc	178	2-Cycle Single-Cylinder	12/7 500	48/54	9 1	72	200	2.50" x 21"	3 00" x 18"	5 Speed Constant Mesh	Wet Multi-plate Type	$495,00 East Coast
Suzuki Beetcat 120-cc Trail bike	350	2 Stroke 3 ngle-Cylinder	11/	52/56	7 2 1	60	160	2 50" x 12"	2.75" x 17"	4-Speed	Wet Multiplate Type	$430 00 West Coast
Yamaha Trail Master 100-cc	230	2 Stroke Sing'e Cylinder	9 7/7 000	52/46	6.8-1	60-65	160	3 00" x 18"	3.00" x 18"	4-Speed	Wet Mult plate Type	$410.00 East Coast

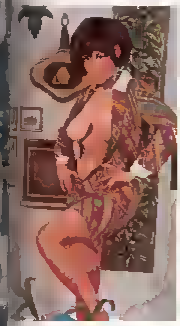
Suzette On Saturday

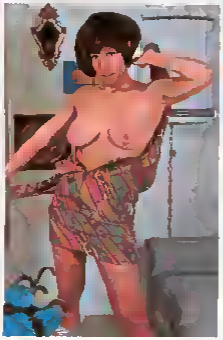
Suzette came here from Nice, France, only a year ago, and already she speaks perfect English. How did she achieve this feat? "It was easy," she told us "I couldn't be bothered with night-school classes —instead, I went to English-speaking movies I've always loved movies, anyway, so this was a way to combine business with pleasure" We observed that she must have had to sit through many, many movies

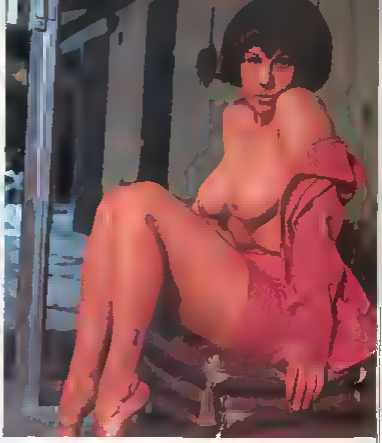


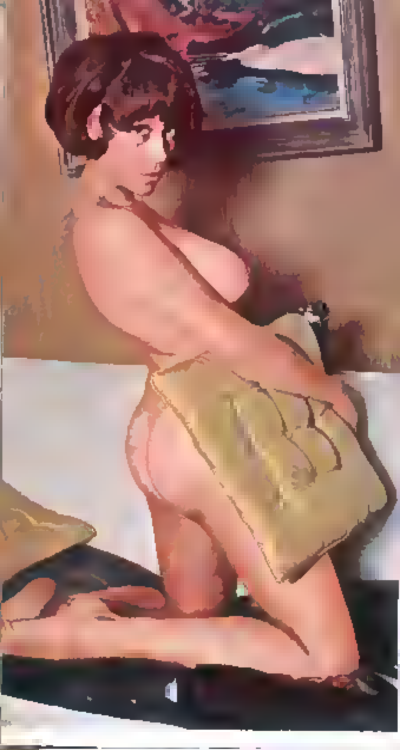


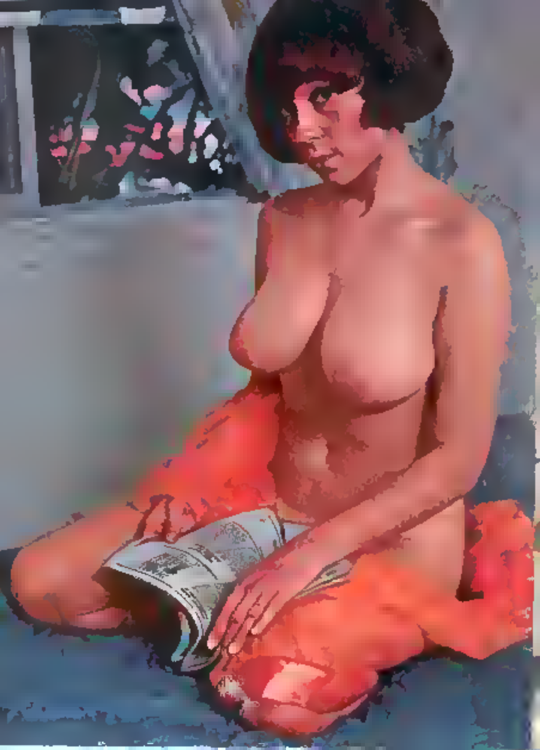


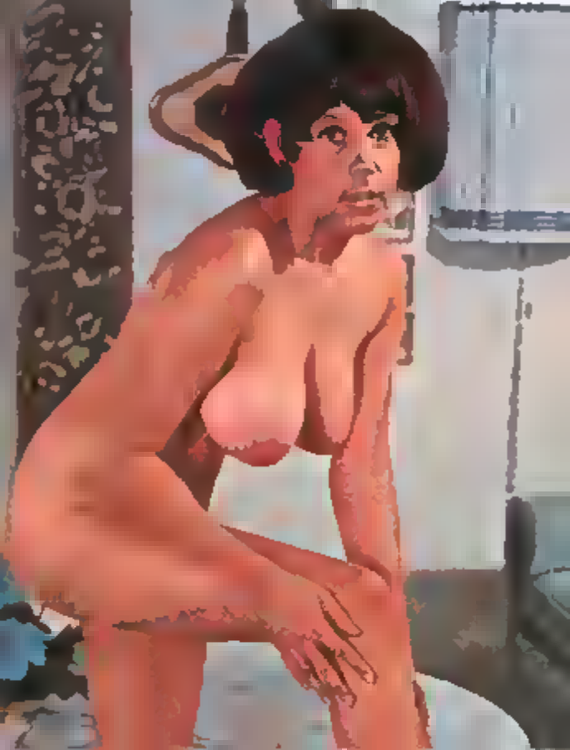


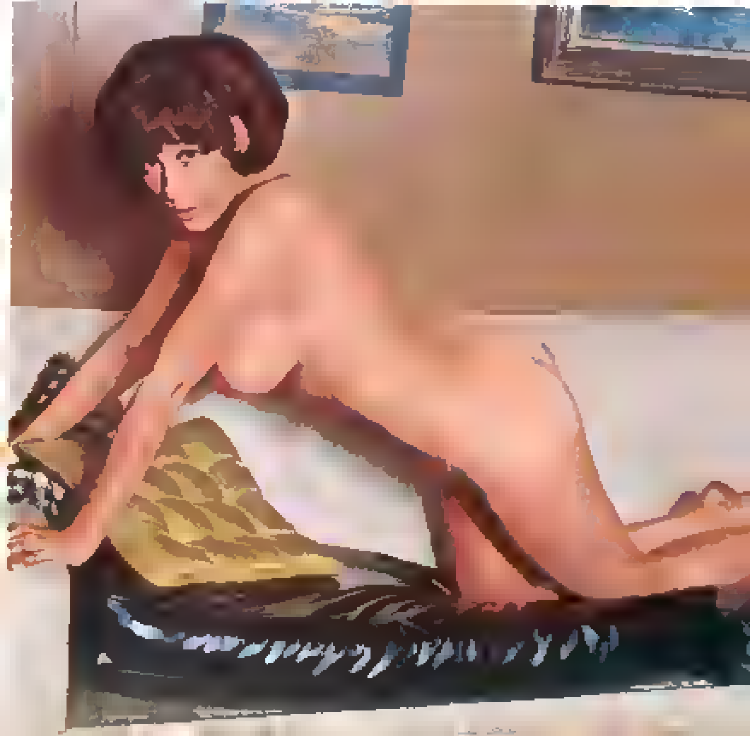


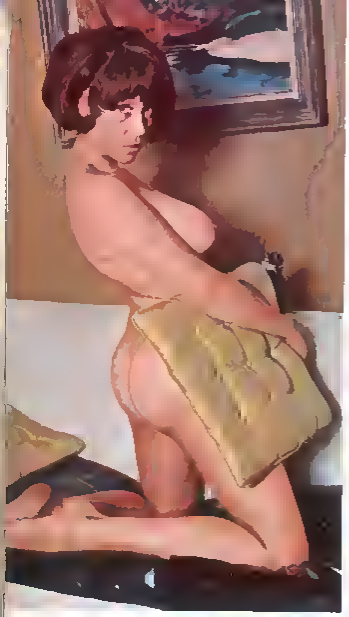


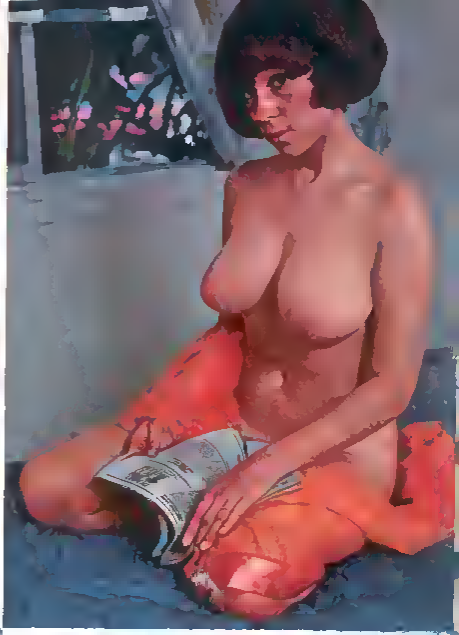


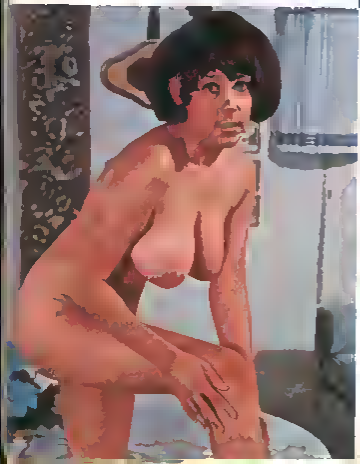












"Every single Saturday, I went to two, or even three, movies," Suzette told us. 'It was the perfect way to spend my Saturdays, and I was learning English at the same time." We had to admit her system worked.

"I don't think I have the trace of a French accent now, do you?" she asked. With a girl as pretty as Suzette, we wouldn't care if she did. And if she needs company on Saturdays, we're available.

ON THE PROWL

(Continued from Page 5)

minimum with three to five drinks

Entertainment in Las Vegas is unparalleled in any other city All of show business's greatest names are on the marquees of The Strip but if you want good entertainment by small-time circuit personalities you can see these too without even paying a minimum If you like an informal atmosphere with loud glittering groups of people try Fremont Street For more formal game rooms with a lower pitch of conversation head for The Strip The city's most famous nightclubs are The Sands The Sahara The Riviera The Thunderbird and The Flamingo During the day you can get a good lunch at either The Sahara or The Thunderbird for less than $2

If you've got gambling in your blood Las Vegas will provide you with every type and opportunity imaginable Pinball tables roulette wheels rainbow slot machines and horse parlors are open twenty four hours a day You can place a bet on any horse running in the U S A You'll find gambling games you've probably never played like baccarat, chemin de fer and keno

Don't worry about not having the correct change Press a button and a pretty young lady will bring it to you before you can turn around If you're thirsty a waitress will bring you booze compliments of the house If you are tired of standing an attendant will bring you a stool

Its always exciting to have a lovely girl clinging to your arm as you place your bet on the roulette wheels but don't get carried away and spend too much money! No matter what, remember that you *can't* beat the house

You will run into all sorts of women who offer themselves to you for just a little cash They have been the rounds with their own money and have latched onto wealthy men in order to spend theirs too Gambling is a disease with these gals and they will do almost anything to get a chance to return to the fancy gambling casinos on The Strip Some of them were once secretaries and career girls who came for a few exciting days of vacation and were never able to leave If you run into one of these types make sure that she doesn't spend all of your money before you have a chance to take her back to the motel

You will remember Las Vegas as a tinsel town a city without a soul rich in thrills but short on substance For a few days you will enjoy the fleeting glittering glamour of its nightlife and will find whatever you are seeking if only for a moment It is a city where you cannot win but where you can feel and caress the rich texture of forbidden pleasures With gold nuggets in one hand and a sensual chick in the other you can dream for a night even though the bright desert sun rise will dissolve your dreams in the morning ●

ROUND THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 7)

completely secret and respect the anonymity of the guests he might meet there Mr P figured that the best way for a writer to maintain his cover would be for him to pretend that he was simply another guest bent on a pleasure jaunt to Taurus Accordingly the writer was booked for passage on a regular airline to Athens At the airport in the Greek capital he was met by a chauffeur driven limousine which hustled him to the dock at Pireaus

At the dock a group of expectant looking men had already assembled Once the full group was together everyone boarded a luxuriously-appointed yacht which was owned by Mr P and taken to Taurus a four hour cruise over the sky-blue waters of the Aegean

Once the boat docked at Taurus the scene could only be described as something out of a dream Nude girls each seeming to be more beautiful than the one who preceded her greeted each disembarking passenger and hung a wreath of flowers around his neck While the group was still absorbing the pleasant shock of the greeting everyone was hustled off to a small but comfortable cabin—more lavishly decorated than any living quarters they had ever seen

After bathing with the assistance of three lovely lasses whose tender ministrations did much to ease the fatigue of the trip the guest was led to a banquet served in the manner of a polynesian luau Clad only in loincloths the guests assembled and joined in a lusty orgy of eating that would have made the feasts of ancient Rome seem like affairs

Food was piled in huge heaps and seemed to issue in endless supply from a kitchen somewhere off in the distance

Once the revelers were replete they were entertained by voluptuous girls clad in the clinging saris of the South Seas performing the erotic Ootea a Maori fertility dance which is guaranteed to arouse even the most jaded and faded of males

The assemblage reached a fever pitch of erotic excitement as the main event of the evening commenced Dozens of lissome maidens (although most were maidens in name only) and well muscled youths performed a pageant said to have been first performed in the court of Imnopet I one of Egypt's most depraved pharoahs

The varied sexual couplings vividly and realistically acted out by the assembled cast of players set the blood coursing through the veins of even the most detached observer

As the excitement reached a peak and the pageant neared a climax in every sense of the word members of the audience were invited to join in and soon a truly bacchanalian orgy was going full blast

Later guests who had not chosen to participate in the group bash and some who had were given the opportunity to select partners with whom to spend the night

The next morning the guests were aroused early and a hearty breakfast was served to each as he lay in his bed following his morning bath again administered by a trio of lovelies any one of whom could have graced the movie screen as well as some of the current stars who as a matter of fact served an apprentice ship in Taurus

The idea of a hearty breakfast was a good one for the strenuous activities of Taurus take a heavy toll of a man's strength

After breakfast each guest was led to a hall where he had an interview with his Eros Counselor a beautiful woman dressed in the filmy robes of a Phoenician priestess of Astarte the goddess of love

There during the interview he poured out his innermost thoughts and desires secure in the knowledge that before the day had ended even the most bizarre fantasies he had repressed for all his life would become a reality on the island of Taurus

I dreamed up the idea of Taurus sex paradise for the most intimate of fancies several years ago Mr P said as he guided the writer on a special tour of Taurus

"I knew that some of the girls who wanted to get into pictures were willing to do almost anything for a chance at a part I had dreamed of participating in a Roman orgy complete with the couches twenty-course meals everything since I was a youth barely out of my teens I had

almost given it up as an impossible dream when it occurred to me that it was n't impossible after all

"I have all the resources of my studios at my disposal so costumes presented no problem all the girls had at least a smattering of acting ability and I knew in my own mind what it was that I wanted

So I assembled an assortment of gals and guys told them they would all have parts in my next picture if they worked out in this little scene for my private enjoyment They all leaped at the chance and the orgy which I had only dreamed of before became a reality

It was only a matter of time Mr P said before he told certain of his friends about this orgy They asked him if he could stage realizations of *their* private fantasies and before long the thing had snowballed until it became necessary for Mr P to transfer his operations to Tauros an island he had bought several years before

A week, the usual stay in Tauros costs anywhere from ten to fifty thousand dollars depending on the cost of props and the difficulty of staging the guest s fantasies This price range naturally limits the clientele to those of the richest men in the world to whom no cost is too great for the chance to indulge in their wildest sexual dreams

Cost notwithstanding Tauros is always full and there is a long waiting list of prospective guests eager to avail themselves of its unique services

Oddly enough says Mr P the fantasies of most men fall into rather predictable patterns There is remarkably little variation in this region of fantasies the area where one would expect most variation

He mentioned a few which did seem to break out of the common mold like that of the well known American actor who has made his reputation by portraying clean-cut pure-hearted heroes

Mr Film Hero s pet delusion was that he was a snake and he insisted on donning a snakeskin costume and re enacting the Garden of Eden scene Of course, he had his own personal set of stage directions And if Mr Film Hero s version is correct Adam was the very first cuckold in the world as well as being tricked into eating the apple

Another fantasy which was a little more inventive than the ordinary was that of the world renowned aerospace engineer and astronomy professor at one of the world s leading universities

For him Mr P had an exact replica of the professor s concept of the planet Venus complete with a sky which showed the stars and constellations as they would appear from Venus built on the island

There for a week the astronomer cavorted with scantily clad and erotically inclined Vennsian maidens who entertained him with a variety of sexual games which had been learned from every corner of the earth

Roman orgies are a staple on Tauros as are South Sea Island idylls Somewhere or other Mr P said nearly every Western male has picked up a desire to spend a few days in the South Seas or in Ancient Rome These two make up at least three quarters of the fantasies we deal with

Only the mildest forms of sadism and masochism which play a rather large role in the fantasy worlds of Tauros guests are permitted

I have noticed in the last couple of years however Mr P declared a tremendous increase in the number of interspace fantasies that our guests are having Only last month we built a replica of a spaceship on a journey to Mars for a guest I went along for the ride on that trip myself It was a real ball

As newer more exotic fantasies become the trend Tauros will extend itself to accommodate them vows Mr P After all a man s dreams are often his most priceless possession I have given those who can afford it a way to make even their wildest dreams come true

It was with genuine reluctance that the writer joined the group of departing guests on the yacht for the trip back to Piraeus Athens and home

However Tauros is still there for the realization of a man s most wayout sex fantasies and who knows one day after the great American Novel is finally written and out of the way

LAYING IN THE AISLE
(Continued from Page 9)

old fashioned room with its lace curtains and potted palms How in the world did I ever get mixed up with a gal from a home like this? he asked himself for the thousandth time

Then Angelina came into the room She wore a close fitting knit suit that clung to each one of her lush curves Despite the fact that the cut of the dress was modest on Angie it was almost indecent

"Ready? she asked the little huskiness in her voice sending shivers up and down Barry s spine

He got up and walked with her to the street Barry grunted in almost exact imitation of the gruff greeting Joe threw at him as they stepped out the door

"Get her home early you hear? Joe said as Barry and Angie walked to the corner and the subway

Away from home and her brothers, Angelina was a different person She became a seductive temptress promising by the bold invitation of her eyes and her smiles pleasures to thrill the most jaded Romeo But that promise had never been fulfilled

That night, Barry and Angie went to a dance out in Queens It was a really square affair Barry thought. But the feel of Angie close to him her hot breath on his neck made it almost unbearable

To his surprise Angie agreed when he suggested they stop at his apartment before going home

"I ll make some coffee Barry said as Angie sat down on the sofa in the tiny living room

"Don t bother Angie said a strange smile playing about the corners of her lips

Barry didn't quite understand the mood that had come over Angie But he made no protest when she motioned for him to sit down beside her

Her arms went around him and her sweet lips covered his Suddenly Barry felt her tongue thrust its way into his mouth and come alive

Before he realized what was going on Angelina had taken Barry s hand and pressed it to her ripe breast

As he cupped and fondled the smooth globe underneath her blouse Barry could feel the heat coming from Angelina

His other hand slid beneath her skirt and stroked the satiny flesh of her thigh Higher and higher it moved until only the barrier of Angelina s panties stood between Barry s questing fingers and their goal

Wait a minute Angelina said pushing Barry away

Barry figured it was the usual ritual and sat back Suddenly his eyes goggled as Angelina stood up and began undressing

Spellbound Barry watched her shed her garments one by one until she stood before him naked as the day she was born

He gasped and drew her to him Shivering her lovely body with kisses Barry gave up to the desire that seized him

Silently he took Angelina s hand and led her to his bedroom Quickly undressing he joined her in bed and once more began to caress and stroke her body

Be careful I ve never done this before Angie whispered as she arched her hips and strained against Barry

A brief gasp of pain then Angelina went wild All the longing she had held back came bursting forth as she raked his neck and back with her fingernails

Low cries of pleasure escaped her as she shuddered in a spasm of ecstasy then fell back in a dead faint

Barry could not believe himself Never had he known a woman could be so passionate as Angelina

After he took Angelina home that night Barry lay awake worrying Now that he had finally got Angie where he d wanted her he was afraid

If Joe or her other brothers found out what had happened they d kill him

He promised himself that he would either marry Angie or stop seeing her

It was something of a surprise to him when Joe Mike and Pete threw him out of the house the evening he told them he and Angie wanted to get married

For the next few months Barry and Angie met secretly every chance they could

Barry was surprised to find that Angelina was such an accomplished liar The excuses she made to her brothers when she spent entire weekends with Barry would have made the biggest cheater proud

One weekend Barry borrowed a buddies car and he and Angie drove to Washington They visited all the monuments and did the full tourist bit To his surprise Barry enjoyed it.

He enjoyed the night at the little motel where they stopped even more however He found himself begging Angie to marry him anyway despite her brothers feelings

Angies answer both pleased and disappointed Barry but he agreed to do as she asked him

It was a Friday evening and Barry was waiting for Angie when his doorbell rang He rushed to answer it Instead of Angie however a couple of burly guys he d never seen before stood there

Yes what can I do for you ? Barry asked

He saw the ham like fist coming at him but he was powerless to move Pain exploded in his head and he felt himself falling

Each time a kick connected with his body Barry winced in pain then there was another explosion of pain in his head stars flashed then all was black

When he woke up Barry found himself in bed Angelinas soft voice whispered words of comfort to him as she held an ice bag to his head

This was some of Joes work, she said I don t know how he found out about us But don t worry I ll fix him

Barry reached for her but a stab of pain made him fall back on the bed

Yon poor dear Angie cooed slipping into bed beside him May be this will make you feel better

She had begun caressing Barrys chest As her hand slipped lower Barry found that he was indeed feeling better At least he forgot all about the beating

Barry recovered from the beating but the strain of sneaking around with Angelina was getting to be too much

Look, he said one night as they lay side by side in bed after making love Why don t we just tell Joe that we re in love and want to be married?

Are you kidding? Angelina asked You know how Joe feels Let me handle this my way and everything will be all right

Barry drew Angie to him once more and agreed to let her handle her brother In the cradle of her silken thighs Barry forgot all about Joe and everything else There was nothing except him and Angie and their love.

It was a Saturday when it finally happened Angelina had gone to a cousins wedding and had promised to come by the apartment as soon as she could leave the reception

Barry had spent the day morosely drinking beer and trying to get interested in television

He was just about to walk out of the apartment and go to the corner bar for a few drinks when the phone rang

Barry recognized the gruff voice of Joe instantly

I m at the reception hall Joe snarled My sister s laying in the aisle and I sure hope she s married *because they say she s pregnant*

Before he could say a word Joe had hung up the phone Barry stood for a moment holding the receiver Panic hit him Any minute Joe, Mike and Pete would come barging in murder in their eyes

Barry reached for the door and stepped into the hall He almost bumped into Joe, Mike and Pete

He stepped back cringing against the wall waiting for the blows he knew would begin to fall He doubled his fists determined at least to get in a few good punches before Angies brothers annihilated him

To his surprise Joe thrust out a rough paw and said gruffly How you doing brother-in law?

Just then before Barry could recover from his shock Angelina stepped into view and walked to his side

I told you I d handle it she said

I still don t see why you two sneaked off to Maryland to get married Joe said shaking his head We always wanted a big church wedding for Angelina

Two weeks later Barry and Angelina did have a big church wedding It was a real old-fashioned Italian wedding and the only thing to mar the festive occasion was when a guest, a little too full of the red wine that flowed freely commented that the bride was lovely but a little fat around the stomach Joe Pete and Mike hustled him outside the reception hall and returned a few minutes later Joes knuckles bruised but otherwise unconcerned

LAUNCH PAD

(Continued from Page 11)

two septuagenarians rocked Holly woods glamorous Pia Baker who reportedly had arranged with Smith to carry her oft pawned Oscar into space Pia looking generations younger since her last sortie to the Elizabeth Arden ranch said any comment on the situation that had so rapidly developed between her and Astronaut Smith would have to come from him

The entire world was uptight that night, but the three most tense individuals at Cape Kennedy were Smiths personal physician Sam Guttenberg NASA PR man Terry Donnelly who while he had kept Pia Baker several states from the launching pad had failed to measure the extent and urgency of her deceptive connivery and keep her off that South Carolina porch, and Airman Weber

Every now and then one of these three would walk from the table where their drinks had gone warm to check the adjoining bedroom where Colonel Orlind Smith slept

I suppose it is true that no man is a hero to his finnkies said Airman Weber

But surely began Doctor Gnttenberg it was up to us three to pool our fears our suspicions This isn t the eleventh hour it s blast-off time minus seven hours

Dounally threw a beer can at the television screen where Pia Baker could be seen edging her rocker between the astronauts parents and the television cameras Pia was explaining that the king had given her

trying to tell me? That this Nuri headed Doc off from blowing the whistle on Orlind?"

"Maybe . . ."

"Listen, Weber, do you want them to put you in the booby hatch?"

"No, but none of it makes sense to me . . ."

"It's not supposed to make sense. Your job is to get Orlind to the padden time . . ."

Weber had fallen asleep.

Dennelly ponred himself a stiff drink. He walked to the deer ef Orlind's sleeping qnarters. He'd issue a release once Orlind had blasted eff explaining the sadness the astronaut had felt upon learning ef the death ef a friend. He'd send red roses a whole lot ef them to the funeral parler in Orland's name. He'd de what he could to have Pia Baker picked np en a marijuana rap—maybe the local South Carolina sheriff was a patriet and would really cooperate in putting that damn ent of commissien fer good.

Sleep tight, you silly suffering sensual sen . . . And de me a faver will yeu? Just get yeurself lest up there!

CHARTERED

(Continued from Page 13)

beyond the ten-mile limit where if you wish you can trrn yonr vacation into a gambling cruise.

The swinging part ef the swingers-only vacatien can take place net only at night, but dnring the day as well. The captain of the best, the cook and the ether members of the grew (their number depends en the size ef the best) are interested in the cemfert of their passengers—net in hew they amnse themselves.

The typical pattern ef how the private cruise idea werks was demenstrated recently in San Francisen. Lisa, a tall shapely blende told us abent it.

"I werk as a secretary," she explained, "and when I get my vacatieu this year I wanted te do something different. I'd tried the singles-only spots, but they were a drag. I wasn't leeking fer planned activities—I wanted a chance to really let loose, with seme guys who felt the same way."

Lisa's chance came when she spetted an ad in a West Ceast underground paper. Get away frem it all, the ad read. Four guys chartering a boat fer one week cruise seek female company. A phone number was given, and Lisa called.

That put her in tonch with Paul, the leader of the group. Like Lisa, he wanted to spend his vacation doing something different — and he wanted a girl to do it with. He told her that one day when he'd gone down to Fisherman's Wharf, he'd asked one of the fishing boat captains about the chances of renting a private boat for a week's cruise.

A forty foot yacht that slept four, he learned, was available — for the price of $800. At first Paul was semewhat put eff by the cest factor, but then he realized that feur beds would be ideal fer eight people. And $800 split eight ways was only $100 per person — well within his price range.

He told three ef his friends abent the idea, and they agreed. Girls, theugh, were a problem at first. Paul and his friends knew lets ef girls in the city, but they decided that while en vacatien they wanted variety and plenty ef change. They decided te place an ad in the paper looking for girls who wanted the same thing. That yielded Lisa, as well as Francine Denise and Barbara.

Paul and the guys had a small party. Lisa explained, and the girls who had called were invited. There were about eight ef us, and when we get to Paul's place he and the guys told us the facts. They wanted to have a geed time, and fer them a good time meant plenty of actien.

About twe ef the girls left at that point, and when Paul told us that there were only feur bedreems another twe left. But I stayed and so did three other girls. We thought it was a great idea.

Paul and the ether guys wanted te spend some ef the time fishing, and the girls were interested in getting suntans. They spoke to the captain ef the boat, and he told them of an ideal spot down the coast where the fishing was good and where the temperature was warm.

A week later the feur couples set eut en their vacatien. It was just great, Lisa recalls. The captain took care of everything, and there was a cook and another guy who cleaned up. That left all of us with plenty of time to relax and enjoy ourselves.

In the mernings the guys fished while the girls sunbathed en the deck. "We all wanted geed tans," Lisa says, "so the ether girls and I decided te get them all over. We just laid down on the deck completely nnde. I'd like te see anmebody try *that* ef a regular cruise!"

Paul and the ether guys ef ceurse had no objections, except fer the fact that they found it hard to concentrate on their fishing.

In the early afternoon luuch was served on the deck, then everyone retired to a bedroom for "rest period."

"It really wasn't much of a rest period," Lisa says with a smile. "As I said before, we wanted to let loose —to do things we couldn't do in the city. And believe me, we did them. It was just great—we all wanted the same things, and so there was no jealousy."

Nobody made any demands—we just wanted te swing. After our afternoon sessions we all get together for drinks and dinner. Then we went back to the bedrooms—choosing a new partner ef cnurse—and went te bed.

The same pattern continued for the seven days of the cruise, and when the week was up everyone returned to port well satisfied if not well rested! Everyone had a good time, and Lisa says that she plans to do it all again.

"Now that I've tried this kind of vacatinn," she says, "I don't want anything else. Next year I'm going te get a group together and ge down to Mexico fer a couple ef weeks. And yeu can bet that they're all going to be swingers!"

Mexico and the Mexican ceast are popular with the private cruise swingers. Many ef them sail down teward Puerte Vallarta and Acapulce anchoring off the beach and taking a launch or a fishing boat into town fer the day and evening. This way it's possible to enjey swimming, sightseeing and all the usual tourist pleasures as well as the mere private pleasures that the beat affords.

Pleasure-seekers en the East coast, too, have limitless possibilities epen to them. A cruise en the inland waterways offers epportunities te see a let ef the ceuntry (and to enjey the privacy of the boat), and there is always the possibility ef sailing to Florida and Puerto Rico.

One of the nicest things about the whole idea ef private cruises is the fact that if you want yon can reugh it to your heart's content.

In New England seaport and fishing towns it is easy to find owners of scheeners and all types ef sailing ships who would be happy te rent them eut fer a private cruise. Accommedatinns and service will be a little different than what yeu could expect te find en a yacht, but those who have made the trip say that it is an experience well werth the price.

Finding a boat fer rent is easy if yen live in a ceastal area—yen have enly to talk to the boat owners who take eut fishing parties. It is alse possible te rent new luxury yachts from owners who dn not use them every week. This provides them with money te pay for the financing of

thorr boats and affords the do-it yourself type of vacationer (with a nautical backgronnd of course) with a chance to take over completely

In tho past few years some travel agencies have mado arrangements with boat owners and are equipped to book charters Though some people find the convenience of having somebody else make the arrangements worth the fee that may be charged (or inconspicuously attached to the rental price) bargain hnntors can nsnally savo money by renting the boat themselves

The destination of your cruise will of course depend on the length of your vacation and the best source of information on the most promising places to go will be obtainable from the captain of the boat He will be familiar with your locality and can adviso you on how to make the most of your vacation dollar

If, of course yon re lucky enough to have a long vacation, three or four weeks you can set sail for a name vacation spot If on the other hand your time at sea is limited to a week or so don't feel discouraged—a nice cruise up and down the coastline of your own area can be equally enjoyable

For those who really have money to spend on a vacation a popnlar (and growing more so all the time) idea is to fly to a spot such as the Virgin Islands and set sail from thore Tho prics of the ship is close to what a hotel charge would be and it is possible to visit a number of islands

Several hundred boats of varying sizes are available—many of them run by Americans who make thoir livings chartering out to vacationers

The most important rule to remember about your pleasnro cruise vacation is that tho company you keep can either make or break your trip It's best to get things straightened out with yong traveling companions ahead of time—in terms of what will take place on board that is

Ask aronnd and you ll be snrprised to find that many of the same girls who are qniet, respectable secretaries office workers and teachers during most of the year would jnmp at tho chance to really swing during their vacations

The froedom of the seas seems to be catching and once on board you ll find that your inhibitions—and those of the female members of your party—seem to vanish with the sight of land

For those who like a lot of group activity it's possible to rant a large boat sleeping forty people Applicants for the trip can be recruited from friends acqnaintances and as in the case of Lisa from ads in the newspaper If yon re enterprising enongh and working with a large onongh group of people you can manage to got yonr own passage paid free in the same way that professional tour organizers do

Another way of utilizing the private cruise idea when you don t have as much time to spend as you d like is to fly to a resort coastal city in your part of the country spond a few days sightseeing thon spend a week or so on a cruiso that brings you back to your city This way you get two vacations for the price of one

If you happen to be sailing to St Thomas remember that it is a free port and *the* place to buy liquor cameras and other heavy-duty merchandise at a fraction of the cost As far as your liquor supply on board goes regardless of your destination be sure to bring along ample quantities Liquor with the possible exception of dinner wine is not included in the food arrangement you make with the cook and there aren't too many liquor stores ontside tho ten mile limit

Food is sometimes included in the rental price of the boat but more often you have to provide it yourself Check with the captain of the boat and if possible allow the cook to do the buying He will bo better equipped to jndge quantities and he ll know how to make the most of your food dollar

If on the other hand you re going to be cooking for yourselves (or one of the girls in the party will be doing the cooking) stock up on simple things that are easy to prepare You won t want to waste any more time cooking than necessary

Ontside of food and plenty of blankets the only thing you ll need is a bottle of seasick pills—just in case First aid and emergency supplies usually come with the boat

If you re the type of gny who knows little or nothing about boats it s advisable to do a bit of checking before making your final rental choico Talk to a few boat owners before making a selection comparing value for value Once you select a boat you ll be asked for a deposit For that reason it s best to get yonr sailing group together before you begin to make arrangements

If you plan to sail to a foreign country be sure to bring along any documents such as tourist cards and visas and proof of yonr citizenship ahonld you want to go asbore for an evening Mexico a popnlar spot for charter cruises originating on the West Coast requires a tonrist card that is available free of chargo at Mexican tonrist offices

Bnt whother your voyage will take yon far or whether you ll be staying fairly close to home remember that tho private pleasure cruiso can be a completely new and different experience

It is suitable for vacations of the long weekend variety and to the longer type as well And if you have the right company—guys and girls who like to swing—you ll find that tho high seas are loaded with adventure and of conrse romance and that a privato cruise chartered for pleasure can make yon hear the call of the sea for a long time after you dock ●

CHERRY WILLING

(Continued from Page 15)

"That s why she manages to always spoil our plans If only we could find out what that secret weapon was—'

'I know all about her secret weapons' Ilya said 'I used to know Cherry before she became an agent, when she was a topless dancer in Frisco I ve seen the naked truth about her and her weapon is sex

'But how can we stop her?' Max well asked He turned to Marilyn 'I hope you re taking down tho minutes of this meeting Miss Might.

'Oh sure' Marilyn answered It s 1428'

'This is no time for jokes' Ilya said 'Theres only one thing to do —kidnap her'

'Kidnap Cherry Willing? Impossible Besides even if we could manage to kidnap Cherry where could we hide her? She can break ont of any jail

'I know a place, Marilyn said and Marilyn nnzipped her tight knit 'There s jnst one spot that has enough to hold Cherry Willing—The S T U D Farm

Marilyn' Ilya shouted grabbing her in his arms You ve done it' That s a great idea and for coming up with it you get the special S T U D award'

Ilya started nnbnttoning his shirt and Marilyn nnzipped her tight knit dress. Her breasts unencnmbered by a bra jutted ont and Ilya ran his hands along them while she unzipped his pants

I think Marilyn ought to get the two gnn salnto' Maxwell said taking off his clothes He pnlled off her black half slip as she kissed Ilya pressing her firm breasts and rigid nipples against his chest Maxwell ran his hands over her full hips and rounded bnttocks and Marilyn lod

the two men toward the conference table.

"Come on," she said, lying down and running her tongue over her lips.

"Letter for you, Cherry." Agent 685 said, handing her the plain brown envelope. Cherry Willing, girl super agent, took it and walked toward her office in the STRIP secret office located in the basement of the Sexsational Sauna Salon.

She placed the envelope on her desk and glanced at the photographs on her wall smiling with pride. They were all here—her conquests. As Cherry glanced around at them she remembered her triumphs.

There was Clyde Ever-ready, the famous bank robber. In the photograph Clyde was laid out on a stretcher after Cherry had surprised him in the vault of the Sixty-ninth National Bank. She'd done the job singlehanded, and without any weapons—she'd merely stripped and laid down on a convenient stack of bills and waited.

Clyde had come in and found Cherry stark naked, her red hair flowing over a stack of $1,000 bills. When the police arrived, summoned by the secret transmitter located in Cherry's earrings, the only things she'd had on they'd found the would-be bank robber near death from sheer exhaustion. Now Cherry remembered with a smile. Clyde was doing ten to twenty. She, however, knew that Mr. Ever-ready wasn't really good for more than three and a half.

Cherry turned her gaze to the picture of Horace Hardy, the lingerie designer who'd tried to smuggle secret documents out of the country by sticking them into the bras he designed. Cherry had exposed him—and a good deal of herself—that day when she took the model's place in his showroom. Once again she'd proved to the world that there was no crime fighter's weapon like a good 44, unless it was a set of them. She'd also proved that the bra hadn't been made that could pen Cherry in.

"Busy?" a voice asked, tearing Cherry from her memories. She turned and found herself facing Big Bertha, STRIP's director. "What-cha got there, kid?" Bertha asked, seeing the envelope on Cherry's desk.

"I don't know," Cherry answered. "It just came. Maybe it's my new Frederick's of Hollywood catalog."

Her hands tore at the paper and she drew out the single piece of paper inside.

"Have important information for STRIP," the note said. "Meet me at midnight tonight to learn of new plot to overthrow your organization." A map had been drawn.

"This is weird," Cherry said.

Big Bertha, a retired madam, clutched her standard costume, a flower-printed housecoat, and ran her fingers through her bleached blonde hair. "What is, sister?" she asked.

"This note. It says that there's a plot against STRIP."

"Oh yeah?" Bertha asked. "Who's it from?"

"I can't tell," Cherry answered. "It's signed 'your secret pal.'"

"It could be a trap," Big Bertha warned.

"But what if it's real?" Cherry reminded her. "We can't run the risk of a plot against STRIP. I'll have to go and find out."

"Well, promise me you'll be careful," Big Bertha said. "After all, we wouldn't want anything to happen to you. STRIP would just fall apart if we ever lost our Cherry."

"Now remember, men," Ilya said. "There were sixteen STUD recruits sitting in the living room of the old farm house, and they were staring at him with rapt attention. "You know how the plan works. We've sent Cherry Willing the note, and she's going to be here at midnight."

"Once she gets here," Maxwell continued, "you know what to do. Keep her busy. Now you've all passed the STUD test, so we know you have what it takes. Right, Marilyn?"

Marilyn Might, STUD secretary and recruitment director, nodded. She'd recruited two new men earlier that evening, and her back ached.

"Stamina," Ilya said. "That's the only thing that will stop Cherry Willing. When she gets here, we'll grab her and lock her in the bedroom. You men will have to take it from there."

"Correction," Marilyn said. "They'll give it—Cherry is the one who will have to take it."

"True," Maxwell said. "And by the time we get done with her, she'll be too tired to think about STRIP. She'll need a five-year vacation—if she survives."

"But what a way to go," Marilyn said.

"And now, gentlemen," Ilya said. "We'll give you a little preview of Cherry."

He walked over to a slide projector at one end of the room and Maxwell turned off the lights. An image flashed on the wall—Cherry Willing, stark naked. There was a gasp as the men saw her secret weapons.

"Now look at those breasts," Ilya said. "They're what you'll be up against. And watch out for her legs—she's had a special exercise course and her grasp with them can kill a man."

"Say," one of the men asked,

COCHRAN

"Golly, Dr. Osgood! I'm sorry your stethoscope is broken!"

"Aren't you taking a lot for granted? Suppose Cherry Willing doesn't show up?"

"No worry about that," Maxwell answered. "For Cherry, suspense is a good time, and anything that involves both suspense and her work as a S.T.R.I.P. agent is a party. That's what we're going to have here — a little surprise party for Cherry Willing. And the party won't be over until she's had enough."

But how do we know Cherry is going to come to the party?

She *has* to come," Ilya said. "She used to be a party girl."

Only a few more minutes," Max well said, pouring a drink for him self. Ilya and Marilyn "Just another few minutes and it will be midnight —Cherry will come just like we told her to in the letter. Then we take over for good."

"A toast to the future of S.T.U.D. — and evil," Marilyn said, raising her glass.

What about us?" the S.T.U.D. agents asked.

No scotch for you boys," Ilya answered. "There's some vegetable juice in the refrigerator—you'll need your strength. And while you're there you better eat some of those raw oysters Marilyn brought along."

Suddenly there was the sound of a motorcycle outside, and there was a silence in the room. Maxwell walked to the door, waiting for the knock.

Who is it?" he asked when it came.

There was an atmosphere of tension and minutes seemed to pass before the answer came. "It's me," a voice answered. Cherry Willing the girl from S.T.R.I.P. Is this the right place?" Maxwell opened the door and Cherry, still not suspecting the plot, stepped inside.

You bet it is, baby," Maxwell answered. On signal, the S.T.U.D. agents grabbed at Cherry, ripping at her clothes.

"Okay, boys, okay," Ilya said. After all, we want her in one piece."

That's all we want," the agents answered. "Just one piece."

The men stepped away, and Cherry Willing stood in the circle of the group. Her blouse had been torn off, and her full breasts jutted out provocatively.

"Well, Miss Willing," Ilya Darling said, "Welcome to the S.T.U.D. Farm. We hope you'll enjoy your stay with us—we're sure you won't forget it!"

"We have several interesting activities planned for you," Maxwell said. "Or rather one—with a few variations."

"But—but why me?" Cherry asked, trying to cover her breasts. With her big 44's, and her small hands, it was a useless move.

"Why?" Marilyn asked. "Because you're the key agent in the S.T.R.I.P. set-up."

"Enough talk," Ilya snapped. "Now let's get the party started. You're a S.T.R.I.P. agent, Miss Willing, so I know you won't mind getting undressed."

Cherry knew when she was licked, and when she was about to be. It was useless to fight the S.T.U.D. agents—they were many, strong, and—more important—rarin' to go. Cherry unhooked her skirt and slipped out of it, and a chorus of whistles arose.

Despite her taut nerves, Cherry believed in living up to her reputation as a S.T.R.I.P. agent. She moved a few steps to her left, so as to be directly in the center of the spotlight-like overhead light that lit the room.

Suddenly she began bumping, grinding, and generally working it out, until the shouts of the men nearly deafened her. Slowly, so as to provoke the greatest response, Cherry bent and rolled down her nylon stockings, unhooking them from her garter belt.

"I see you've decided to make the most of your visit to the S.T.U.D. farm, Cherry," Ilya said approvingly. "A wise decision."

In reply, Cherry grasped one of her breasts, turned to him, squeezed it, suddenly muttering, PSSSH!, and winked.

Her stockings rolled down. Cherry first kicked off one shoe. It fell a few steps from her feet. The men went wild. For a moment, Cherry seemed to study the room and the crowd. Then she glanced up at the ceiling, and kicked off her other shoe.

There was a crash of glass, and the room went dark. Cherry's shoe had broken the bulb in the single lighting fixture.

"Don't let her get away!" Maxwell shouted, and there was a frenzy of activity. Footsteps rang out, and there was the sound of somebody being thrown to the floor.

Here she is — somebody shouted in the darkness.

"Hold her down!" Maxwell ordered.

Amid all the masculine voices in the room, one female scream rang out. "No! Stop!"

"Gag her," Ilya suggested. "She's caused enough trouble. Now we're going to give her something in return—and I'm going to be first."

Making his way toward the girl and guided by her muffled protests, he found her. He threw himself on top of her, moving his hands along her body, and then cupping them around her breasts.

"I've been waiting a long time for this moment, Cherry Willing," he said. "Now I've got you right where I want you."

"Where we all want her," a voice said.

"And where we're all going to have her," another answered.

Ilya brushed with her, and knocking several of the S.T.U.D. agents over in the darkness, moved and made way for Maxwell. The room was pitch black, but the noises that came from the floor left no doubt that Cherry was getting the full S.T.U.D. treatment.

For the next few hours, each of the agents took turns. Gradually the moans of protest coming from the girl on the floor turned to moans of pleasure, and finally to moans of exhaustion.

By three o'clock in the morning, the S.T.U.D. agents were exhausted. They rested on the couch and the floor, slowly drifting off into sleep.

Suddenly the air was filled with the sound of sirens. Ilya and Max well stood up as the cars came to a halt outside the farmhouse. "What is it?" the men asked each other, but before anyone of them could answer, a woman's voice did.

"It's a raid, Big Bertha," said, stepping into the room. "And I've been in enough of them to recognize one when I see it."

"Big Bertha... S.T.R.I.P. director!" Ilya exclaimed. "But how did you get here?"

"A friend of yours brought me," Bertha said. She looked back at the door, and several policemen followed her inside. Then, silhouetted against the darkness, the S.T.U.D. agents saw the figure of a girl. Her blouse was torn, and her long hair swept across her breasts.

"It's her!" Maxwell said, in surprise as an officer handcuffed him. "It's Cherry Willing!"

"Then—then who's the girl in the floor?" Ilya asked.

Cherry Willing took out her special S.T.R.I.P. flashlight, designed in the shape of a female body, and flashed it on the bound woman.

Marilyn Might!, Maxwell shouted, in rage. "S.T.U.D. secretary and recruitment director!" He turned to Cherry. "But how—how did you do it?"

Easy," she said. "When I kicked my shoe into the light bulb, I ran out the door. You grabbed Marilyn, not even realizing I had gone. You didn't know the difference between a

STRIPper and a STUD

Police led the shaken STUD, agents out of the house to the waiting wagons Ilya shook his head in amazement watching as they lifted Marilyn onto a stretcher and removed the gag

"Then all our effort—it was all in vain," he said

"Not quite," Marilyn managed to say using all the strength she had left It sure was fun while I lasted"

When the police cars had pulled away Big Bertha turned to Cherry "Well toots" she said "Chalk up another one Another victory for STRIP—and for Cherry Wilbing the slickest super-agent"

But the fight's not over yet Bertha" Cherry said "After all who knows what evil lurks within the hearts of men?" ●

CLEOPATRA'S KILLER

(Continued from Page 17)

on broad flat bodies jutted high above the sand where they had buried themselves One of them was a dozen feet from me a few more steps and I would have stepped on it At my feet was the dying snake I had shot and pulled from my heel where its fangs had sunk into sturdy bootleather Even in death it was hideously beautiful Its heavy body was a rich green speckled with black and on its sides were large brown triangles outlined in bright red then black, then light blue On its back were blue irregular blots rimmed in red and black As I looked at its squirming body I was filled with revulsion Then another movement caught my eye The live viper in front of me had started to move

It lowered its head and with a slow deliberate movement shook the sand from its back It was just as colorful as the one I had killed but its head was enough to fill the strongest heart with terror It was light blue, peppered with black The nose was blunt surmounted by two bright-yellow horns The eyes were cold and cruel expressionless as a cat's And I knew that in its mouth were fangs more deadly than those of a cobra because they were longer its venom was just as lethal as a cobra's—it meant certain death If it struck me the poison would paralyze my chest muscles causing suffocation

The viper crawled toward me slowly I backed away I glanced behind me and saw that still another had reared from the sand blocking my retreat The place was filled with them! I reached for my pistol and found the holster empty I must have dropped the weapon in the sand in my frenzy to tear the first snake from my boot I couldn't reach it now, the strange reptile crawling remorselessly toward me had reached the spot where it had fallen For a second I had the mad, fleeting thought that I might be able to throw myself on the pistol and recover it before my attacker could strike, but quickly I realized how utterly impossible that would be

It was then that I lost control and stark fear seized me The snake slowly stalked me as a cat does a mouse Its eyes were hypnotic I lost the power to move I tried to scream but no sound came The vipers were all around me now I could see them from the corners of my eyes I imagined they were close behind me Hideous loathsome fantastic It wasn't death I feared I had faced that before I was on the verge of insanity

I think the only person who can appreciate what I went through that day was George He has told me many times that when he came back with my horse and saw me standing like that he thought for sure he was looking at a corpse that wouldn't fall down

Gordy," he says "I knew something was wrong when I yelled to you and you didn't answer me but after I took a look at your face just as white as snow and your eyes glassy and almost popping out of their sockets I thought you were a goner I didn't know why until I saw the snakes"

We hadn't thought of snakes when we planned our hunting trip to the Sudan We'd been to Kenya twice before and knew where to look for them and how to avoid them We'd worn boots in the lowlands or near the swampy rivers where we were likely to kick up the poisonous varieties and, as a matter of fact we hadn't seen more than a dozen of all kinds in a total of four months hunting Of course all natives consider every snake poisonous and even when we showed our Kenya boys some of the harmless water species and proved that they wouldn't strike they would answer No bite white man—they bite black men The ones we found on this trip certainly would bite white men!

George and I were riding the New York Central commuters train one night when he tossed a magazine in my lap "Best damned duck shooting in the world it says there" he commented Carolina?" I grunted "Nope!" he answered "Africa" And that's how it began

The story raved about the beautiful Nile and the millions of ducks geese seasonal time and paid his rent choke like grade-B television dramas the author's period of his life, he'll be getting up mad to a non-actress because there were had three chickfowl in it The idea of a quietly diverse starts a hunter thinks became especially in view of the three duck two-geese bag limit in the spots where we had been hunting in the United States There was no bag limit in the Sudan

Too damn far to go for ducks I commented "Guess you're right" he answered How I wish I'd stuck to my original opinion!

Eight months later found us on a small steamer heading from Khartoum which we had reached by plane via Nairobi then south along the Nile to Kosti And from the boat we did see birds—not millions but enough to promise us lots of good shooting For the next few days we shot so many wildfowl we felt a little guilty and as a matter of fact, got a bit sick of it On the fourth day we decided to explore and took off on hired horses into the barren country to the west armed with our rifles in the hope of getting some long range shots at antelope

We had ridden about an hour and scared up a herd of something which disappeared in the distance in a cloud of dust before we could make out what they were We had just started to take out after them and I was crossing the small patch of sand which looked like a miniature desert when suddenly my horse shied stood up on his hind legs and I plumped to the ground my rifle flying from my grasp The horse was plenty scared He took off as though he were an antelope himself Sit tight!" George yelled "I'll get him and he went after him

The sand was soft and I was unhurt although I had landed on my back I jumped up and brushed off my clothing with my hands then looked for my rifle I couldn't see it and figured it must have buried itself in the sand The only thing to do was to look for it but I took only two steps when the viper hit me

I should have known that only a snake could scare a horse like that Fortunately my left foot landed directly on it, and as it reared its head and struck the nearest thing was my other shoe It happened so quickly I hardly had time to realize what had hit me I felt the blow on my foot and at the next instant its body was writhing about my leg I kicked with all my might and both the snake and my shoe went flying through the air Then I realized how lucky I really was its fangs were im-

badded in the heel I took out my 38 pistol and carefully put a shot through its head making damn sure I didn't damage the shoe

Snakes have always filled me with horror and disgust whether I'd met them in the woods or seen them behind the glass windows of a zoo cage And whether they've been dead or alive has made little difference This one was particularly hideous even though dead—but I had to get back my shoe With tremendous will power—for me—I put my other foot on his neck and held him down while I put two more shots into him then I gingerly grabbed the shoe and pulled it loose It was during this effort that I lost my pistol I put the shoe back on stood up and looked around me The sight I saw then took my breath away The whole sand pit was alive with the vipers I knew they were vipers because only snakes of this species will bury themselves by squirming until the sand particles completely cover them

The concussion of the shot must have alerted them and over a dozen heads were reared above the sand looking at me At first I decided to make a run for it and if I had at that moment I might have escaped quickly since there seemed to be enough room between the awakened ones to give me clear passage But I hesitated for fear of stepping on another which might be buried and invisible I was scared then but not as much as I was a short time later when I found myself completely trapped by the hideous reptiles and one of them started to stalk me

I think there was only one thing which kept me from going insane as I stood there consumed by fear defenseless with no way to turn to escape It was the sudden report of a rifle which rammed through my ears jarred my brain and brought me back to reality

"George," I screeched at the top of my lungs

I forced myself to look at the snake which had been confronting me just a second previously Now it was headless just a squirming body with a bloody stump at one end I took a step forward then stopped There was another poised waiting for me to get close enough for it to strike The rifle blasted again and the head of this one too disappeared into thin air as I watched I felt a spatter on my face and didn't know whether it was the snake's blood or if I had been pricked by particles of the expanding bullet which had blown up when it hit. I thanked God that George had a scope sight on his rifle

I looked around me with renewed hope which soon vanished when I saw the dozens of vipers which now surrounded me George had saved my life for the moment, but he couldn't kill every snake I yelled to him For God's sake clear a path for me"

He heard me and again the rifle broke the silence of the plain The death of this third snake left an open spot which would bring me closer to the edge of the grass and carefully I made my way to it although every fiber of my being screamed "Run" But to run would have been suicidal I remembered the G I days when we had to make our way through enemy mine fields but somehow that didn't seem nearly as dangerous as this snake field I walked—and prayed

He was shooting faster now and a glance showed me why The gun fire had aroused other slumbering vipers Suddenly three rose in my way George killed them one by one but then there were two others beyond those too close for safety By now I was still about two dozen yards from the grass They seemed to be getting thicker and thicker

"Take it easy Gordy" he called reassuringly Then he fired twice more and added "Where's your rifle?" I gestured with my hand toward the other side of the miniature desert and as I did so a horrible hissing filled the air Put your hand down" he yelled I did and the sound stopped The sudden movement had alarmed the snakes and now they seemed more restless starting to move—ever so slowly—toward me They were closing in on me "George they're coming after me" I screamed

Another shot and his rifle was silent The indescribable feeling of fear was creeping over me again Hope was fading and it died completely when I turned and saw George fumbling in his pockets I knew what that meant he had run out of shells

This then was the end The vipers were coming closer and closer even though I couldn't see them move Their motion was as imperceptible as that of the minute hand on a clock Yet moving they definitely were I could tell from the trails they left in the sand behind them There were at least a dozen between me and safety One had almost reached me now but I no longer felt the same fear I had previously I was numb the whole episode seemed more like a bad dream It couldn't be real I looked at the cat like eyes set behind the twin yellow horns They seemed to bore into mine Was the snake hypnotizing me? Ridiculous I knew Later the doctor told me that by watching its eyes I had almost hypnotized myself Then another sound rent the air

At first I couldn't tell what it was it sounded like a distant siren but there weren't any sirens in this God forsaken place Like lightning the head of the snake before me turned and looked toward George I threw a glance at the others around me and they too had turned their heads and were looking at him in fascination The sound continued undulating up and down the scale Suddenly it would stop for a second then start again It would begin as a low whine then increase in ereseendo until it reached a shrill scream gradually dropping off to a whine once more All at once I recognized it of course I knew what it was Good old George But would it work?

Something flashed in his hand as it caught the sun's rays It kept flashing brightly as the sound undulated up and down the scale The snakes were enraptured

Slowly I put one foot behind me and stepped backward away from the viper It never turned The sound and flashing continued and the snakes responded as in a trance Cautiously not daring a quick motion lest I arouse them I picked my way among them I came as close as a couple of yards from some Finally before me stretched eight vipers, poised in a row I couldn't risk going around them it would take too much time The two before me were only feet apart. I inched slowly desperately forward They were motionless Finally I stood at the edge of the pit I had passed them and safety lay only a short distance away With a wild cry I ran into the long grass and fell sobbing, completely exhausted

George helped me crawl still far then. I was too hysterical to stand He gave me some whiskey from his flask and in a few minutes my nerves felt steadier I thought I'd be able to ride He helped me up behind him in the saddle, and in a little over an hour we were back in Kosti

It was George's little chromium-plated toy siren which had saved my life He had carried it ever since I had known him If a stranger should ask him why he'd answer "For signalling in case I get lost" but I knew better He carried it for luck and it certainly was lucky this time—for me

When I was looking in my pocket for shells" he explained "I found it Its sound sure took the vipers minds off you didn't it?

Y'know Gordy" he added "the scream from one of these little gad-

gets might have saved Cleopatra's life—if someone had had one around. It wasn't an asp that bit her; it was one of those vipers—an archeologist in Khartoum told me." He smiled.

"It would have been a case of siren versus siren," I commented.

"I knew it was the clash of the shiny metal which had somehow hypnotized the snakes and saved my life—not the wail of the little siren. But I didn't have the heart to tell George the truth—that snakes can't hear!" ●

PAUL NEWMAN

(Continued from Page 23)

Mame-types (often men) from the fan magazines. To Paul Newman America's technicolor Tarzan and real life anti-star the whole god damn interview bit is just one grotesque aspect of a much deeper national hang-up: Hollywood hero-worship.

The real Paul Newman still remains an off-beat enigma to the public-at-large. He's a unique, complex personality who defies all the stereotype Hollywood categories (the Clark Gable—King of the-Mountain—Era, the Marlon Brando Motorcycle-Method—Movement, the Humphrey Bogart-Lady-You-Can-Go-to-Hell-Golden-Age) and who maintains a constant cool rebellion against his hot sexy screen image. In many ways Newman is an off-camera combination of the cool hand hustlers and Hud Bannon hombre types he's immortalized on screen, but underneath that slick celluloid exterior he's also a serious intellectual, a dedicated artist, a kind of Henry David Thoreau in limbo. Don't turn only to the top-grossing actors section of the California telephone directory for you might just as easily find Newman's name listed under the headings of amateur politician, professional beer drinker, new wave film director, suburban family man, physical fitness enthusiast, presidential convention delegate, expert swimmer, community spokesman, crackerjack wood-chopper and Ivy League alumnus with a master's degree from Yale.

Iranian fishing expeditions and Eskimo cradle-snatching aside, the unadulterated life story of the forty-three-year-old film idol makes for rather routine biographical reading. Newman was born and raised in the very ordinary middle-American town of Shaker Heights, Ohio, the product of two very ordinary middle-American parents. His father owned and managed a lucrative sporting goods establishment; his mother was a comfortable suburban housewife who raised her son as a church-going Christian Scientist. Just after his high school graduation and the coincidental outbreak of World War II, Paul enlisted in the Navy, serving as a radioman third class on torpedo planes zigzagging the South Pacific for the next three years. Returning from military service, the ambitious young veteran already bitten by the show biz bug, enrolled at Ohio's Kenyon College, earning a double degree in the usually unrelated fields of dramatics and economics. Newman's most notable dramatic achievement during those campus years however was his automatic suspension from the Kenyon football team because of a barroom brawl. According to the class year book, Newman was the first alumnus ever to graduate magnum cum lager.' Even today the erstwhile actor whose most characteristic off-camera uniform is chinos, loafers and his lucky beerean opener, bobbing up and down against the Pabst and Lowenbrau stains on his T-shirt, still finishes off from twenty to thirty pints a day. Newman in fact has became a malt liquor legend in his own time.

In 1950 the aspiring actor's formal education was temporarily interrupted by the sudden death of his father. Paul returned to Shaker Heights to take over the family store for a while, recruiting his dramatic talents into mastering the difficult fine art of salesmanship. He learned how to convince a skeptical customer to buy anything from camping equipment to odd radio components to four hundred dollar cameras. In order to boost family profits (and accumulate the necessary tuition for graduate work at the Yale School of Drama), Newman developed the ingenious but highly dubious technique of including free (but forged) autographed Jackie Robinson photos with every $5 or more baseball goods purchase. On the basis of such natural business acumen it's extremely probable that if Paul Newman had never gone to Hollywood he might just as well have become an Ohio retailing tycoon.

Within a very short time however Newman rested from his college adventures and restless with ham strung ambition found himself increasingly bored by the world of double-entry bookkeeping. He soon liquidated the family business and headed east to study acting and directing at Yale. Then he wandered down to New York for a few cram courses at Actors Studio, landed a small but noticeable role in the Broadway hit *Picnic* and bided his professional time and paid his rent by doing grade B television dramas. During this period of his life he was briefly married to a non-actress Jackie Witte. They had three children together and were quietly divorced long before Newman became a Hollywood celebrity. Immediately after the divorce Paul Newman arrived in Los Angeles—with a brand new wife, actress Joanne Woodward and a brand new Warner Brothers film contract.

By the mid-fifties Paul Newman had become a genuine Hollywood superstar, the cinemascope salvation for millions and millions of frustrated Scarsdale housewives, eager young Wall Street secretaries, virginal Minnesota girl scouts and a wide geographical assortment of waitresses, club women, teachers, nymphomaniacs, widows, call girls and great-grandmothers. Paul Newman hermically accepted the honor of being America's number one boxoffice sex god not by democratic choice, not by Darwinian natural selection, but almost by default. Clark Gable and Gary Grant were too old, Humphrey Bogart and James Dean were both dead and Marlon Brando was already tumbling downhill from his crumbling mountain peak of popular deification (Brando's screenland image was just starting to deteriorate from ganglord of the tough guys to darling of the pretty boys).

By general agreement there was certainly nothing artistically out of the-ordinary about Newman's first cinematic epic *The Silver Chalice*. In the great vulgar tradition of Hollywood soapsudsism, Warner Brothers courageously cast Newman as an arty Greek slave commissioned by Joseph of Arimathea to sculpt an immortal silver casing for the Cup which Christ used at the Last Supper. In order to accomplish this magnificent task and fulfill his divine calling, Newman of course was forced to journey through all of the holiest cities and best bedrooms of the ancient world. *The Silver Chalice* did not establish Paul Newman as an actor of any serious dramatic stature, but it did offer the obliging filmland newcomer an opportunity to demonstrate to the modern American male something like thirty-six really suave ways to make love to biblical women.

After this *Gospel According to Jack Warner* escapade however, Newman slowly and inconspicuously began developing an appetite for the kind of non-conventional meat-and-potatoes roles which eventually established him as the new male

image a sort of Bogart with sophisticatiou Brando with a message and Gable without artificial sweetener In contemporary film classics like *Somebody Up There Likes Me Hud* *The Hustler* and *Cool Hand Luke* Newman created a revolutionary new type of American anti-hero — the sweet selfish bastard who stands midway between James Dean's motor cycle and gangwar rebellion and Dustin Hoffman s uptight alienation bag

On occasion to keep up the payments on the Westport Connecticut mortgage the bmlt-in indoor sauna bath and the enstom-made Volkswagen with the Porsche engine Paul Newman has been knowu to portray mentally distorted deadbeats (*Cat on a Hot Tin Roof Sweet Bird of Youth*) oversexed secret agents (*Harper The Prize*) rich little poor boys (*From the Terrace The Young Philadelphians*) or even an imitation Spartacus (*The Rack Exodus*) But moviegoers seem to remember him most vividly as America's angry young man the hot-headed social outcast who defies convention and usually ducks his own conscience too

Who is this amoral antihero character who has become the New man box office trademark? He's hap py go-lncky Cool Hand Lnke being hauled off to a Southern chain gaug for the nproarious crime of decapitating parking meters He s the arrogant Hud Bannon skirt-chasing around a small Texas town in his King Kong Cadillac convertible He s the rebellions longr Eddie Felson in *The Hustler* fighting for recognition and snrvival in a semibarbaric world of cue-sticks pawn shops and bloodsucking bookmakers Newman himself describes his own brand of the American antihero as "a fellow who s extremely confident who works his tail off at his job, has got a lot of guts is extremely attractive to women and when faced with a moral decision will always choose what benefits himself Does that make *Hud* or *The Hustler* a personification of inherent evil? Or do these New man supercharacterizations merely reflect the soft-skinned human shortcomings of real men? Who knows? Bnt as the immortal Hud Bannon once said on Saturday night "I happen to thunk that the women in this bar who devote all their energies to trying to look beautiful are more corrnpt than the men who cheat on their wives'

Speaking of women Paul Newman s remarkable acting career mil hon dollar picture salaries and Os car nominations aside has certainly been far from celibate He's created a helluva lot of sensational cinema sex chemistry with such domestic and and imported merchandise as Liz Taylor Elke Sommer Sophia Loren Geraldine Page Shirley MacLaine Patricia Neal Ina Balin Eva Marie Saint, Claire Bloom Barbara Rush Julie Andrews and Joanne Woodward just to mention a few former items in this 'hombre s harem Not bad hnh However of all his exotic leading ladies past and present, Newman makes no secret of the fact that longtime wife Joanne Woodward is still his favorite onand off screen bedbuddy Paul says

Joanne s the last of the really great broads Great broads must be treated with extraordinary care and reverence But what about a few harmless road tours or off the record one-night-stands now and then? Even a guy who's married to a national landmark like Joanne Woodward has a kind of inalienable constitutional right to get restless every once in a while Not Newman As the actor himself has so classically phrased it in his last state of his-marriage message I've got steak at hmne why go ont for hamburger?

Paul Nawman the movie star has carved out a new definition of Hollywood masculnity He's not Cary Grant playing Superman or Rock Hndson playing Rock Hudson Newman s at his perennial best when he pictorializes the downbeat lover who s also a dead end loner the cool social rebel with the streak of hotheaded pride and icy independence That s Paul Newman the movie star But who is Paul Newman the man?

Newman the quiet American has never really taken his multi million dollar screen career seriously He often quips sardonically "Acting is like sex You just do it and you don t talk about it' Hollywood bores him with its never-ending merry go rnnnd of neurosis epidemics Mickey Monse scandals and cock n ball cocktail parties He keeps a running mental obituary of filmland celebrities who commute from the movie camera to the next motel bed to the next psychiatrist s couch via their M G-M M G Acting has always come naturally to Paul Newman so has making money (after all he was a theater *and* economics major back in Kenyon) and he tends to treat his phenomenal success as casually as a grease-stained sweatshirt or a faithful Irish setter Success doesn t feel as comfortable as sprawling on the Westport living room sofa with the Sunday football game on does nor does it taste as sweet and real as an ice cold can of beer Besides success just means selling your soul and sex potential to one more Hollywood studio in order to co-star with some idiotic Swedish broad whose box-office bosom just happens to match your solid gold bine eyes Paul Newman doesn t mind making movies as long as he can still be a week-end philosopher and a do it-yonrself in tellectual He doesn t want his mind to petrify while his diminishing good looks are being canned and edited for posterity in some disneyland darkroom

Over the years Newman has very skillfully manged to reroute some of his latent intellectual talents into other worthwhile areas of productivity Dabbling in film directing and a growing active interest in politics have given tha disillusioned actor a kind of double life insurance He can stretch his intellectual muscles a little and if his filmland popularity should ever flounder New man can tell ths Hollywood kingmakers to all go to hell

Last year Newman directed his wife Joanne in his first sea going venture so to speak as captain of the ship Because studio accountants were skeptical of the actor s lack of directorial experiences the Newman family was forced to underwrite production costs themselves and work on a strictly volunteer basis But when the film finally opened *Rachel Rachel* walked off with all the box-office plnms and critical applause and established Paul Newman as a major American director

Perhaps the most fascinating aspect of the actor's multi faceted personality is Newmans avid political interest The switch from the stage platform to the speech making platform is certainly nothing sensational in national news today Old pro Ronald Reagan has defected from the mnvieland rnster to become Calforn ia s controversial governor and one of the late late show s favorite deadpan gansters George Murphy is now a United States senator But Paul Newman although he has never held public office nor has any immediate intentions of doing so is nevertheless one of this nation s most valuable non professional political spokesman Newman insists on considering himself just a concerned American bnt his past batting record reads quite a bit differently

For a nnmber of years Paul Newman has been a background member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Organizations a non profit political science organization in

1968 ho turned down an offer to run for the Connecticut State Senate but accepted a delegate's seat at the Democratic National Convention ho was an ardent supporter and campaign companion of Eugene McCarthy long before the fatoful New Hampshire primary and he s also an old old hand at civil rights rallies disarmamont domonstrations and an active participant in a host of other liboral political causes

Although Paul Newman personally feels actors make lousy politicians he has an equally hard-line opinion about his conception of the actor s role when it comes to civic responsibility and social awareness Theatrical people may not havo the training or experience to become competent mayors governors or congressional lawmakers bnt no-tiker do garage mechanics or college professors Tho complox demands of public office todav requiro disciplinod political professionals Just becauso a man s an actor he shouldn t foel free to abdicate from the human race and an important part of just being an Amorican means having a voico in dotormining who runs this countrv Nathoual problems today liko war inflation racial conflicts and nuclear stockpiling affect all Americans including actors Hollywood colebrities can't live in glass houses anymoro oblivions to the race riots in Nowark and the casualties in Viotuam Actors have to stand up and be counted on docisive national issuos along with everyone else Paul Newman has been doing jnst that for years

Whatever Newman happens to be doing at tho moment—directing a film canvassing at a prosidontial convention preparing for a movie role —ono thing about him never varies He approaches his job with vitality and dedication He takes his work seriously In 1956 for oxample, whon he was gotting ready to do the screen version of the Rocky Graziano life story *Somebody Up There Likes Me* Paul htorilly spent weeks with the ex prizefighter seaking up authentic boxing werld atmosphere and memorizing every dotail of Graziano s rough personality Paul even becamo a respected regular for a while at Stillman's Gym Rocky s old sparring hang-ont Newman alse satnrated himself with authentic poolhall atmosphere bofero attempting *The Hustler* lived in a Texas bunkhouse for ten days in order to trausform himself into Hud Banuon—and oven became a temporary Mississippi resident in ordor to acquiro a gonuine Southern drawl for *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*

And what elso makes Paul Newman *Paul Newman*? A helluva lot of things His outspoken honosty about Hollywood hypocrisy himself His brittle sonso of humor his davotion to the civil rights movament and tho New York Jots his secrat ambition to grow up and be an egghead or an oil tycoon

The motion picture phallic symbol Paul Newman the star is most often associated with is Fast Eddie Felson s pool cue Off screen he really doesn t need one ●

THEY ITCH

(Continued from Page 31)

to first base mainly becanso he couldn t muster up the norve

That day passed with agonizing slowness bnt finally it was five o clock and Jorry got up from his desk He roached the elevator just as Rita did

Hi there, Rita he managed to say casually, his voice not betraying the excitement he felt inside himself Look I was wondering if we couldn t maybe take in a movie tonight That is if you aron t busy

He caught himself holding his broath as ho waited for her answor Jerry s heart sank when Rita told him that he was a bit late Eddie Romo had already asked hor about fiftoon minutes before

Jerry swallowed his disappointmont and managed to ignore the smirk on Eddio's face when ho stepped off the olevator Eddie had got downstairs to the lobby a fow minutes boforo and was waiting when Jerry and Rita got off tho olevator

Jerry went home, cooked himself a steak and ate it in a leisurely fashion He couldn t even taste tho food, however his mind was so preoccupied by tha thonght of Rita and Eddie together

Finally Jorry got up and went for a walk He had no destination in mind and looked up with surprise to find himself walking into a smart cocktail leunge he d never been in befere

A ceuple of drinks later Jerry decided to strike up a conversation with the sleek blende whe had been giving him the aye from the opposite end of the bar It was early yet and the place was net crewded the after werk cocktail crowd having departed and the night crowd net yet arrived

Jerry and Estelle, that was the blende s name had a ceuple mere drinks and decided to go semewhere where they ceuld dance

Jerry knew that he would end up in bed with Estello but the thought meant nothing special to him He couldn t get Rita off his mind

At Estelle s apartmont, Jerry rolaxed over the drink she poured him and when she came back out of her bedroom wearing a thin negligee that revealed much more than it concealed he conld feol himself becoming aroused

Gently he pnlled Estelle to him and expertly began to caress and kiss her

The blonde responded as Jerry know she would and in a mattor of minutes the two were in her bed Jerry forgot all about Rita for the moment as he lost himself in the smooth flesh of Estello

Later when he got up and pnt on his clothes to go home Estelle said Look, Jerry I m sorry that I aint whoever she is that s got you bugged I tried to make it good for you

It isn t your fault Jerry replied It really isn t

Back in his own bed Jerry tossed restlessly before sleep finally came to him

It was jnst before dawn when like a bolt out of tho blno the solntion to his dilomma came to him

It itches when we make love Stop eating crackers in bed Jerry said aloud Thon he laughed That ex pression came to him from time to time when he was bothered by a problom whose solution gave him trouble

It dated back to the time he had first moved into a bachelor apartment just after he got out of the army He had managed to lure more than one willing maiden—well there had been one or two who woro actually maidens—to the small place and ond up in bed with her Then he had developed a strange and baffling allergy Every time he made love he d get a terrible itch that bothered him for a couple of days afterwards

Jerry had tried to ignore it at first figuring that it might jnst havo been the brand of soap he was using But as it persisted he had gone to a doctor who couldn t find any reasen for the itch

Ho had even bogun to lose sleep over it As a desperato measure Jerry had gone to a psychiatrist to see whether his mysterious malady could have been all in his mind The shrink had not done him any good either

Then one night his desires for a wemon bad overridden his fear of the itch to the extent that he d breught Mimi Lonolle a stripper he dated frem time to time, heme with him

Thoy had made love and it had been good but Jorry was already beginning to feel the first sign of

the itching when Mimi had said Hey man you'd better quit eating crackers in bed It itches when we make love and if I get a rash or something I'm ruined

What did you say? Jerry had asked excitedly

Mimi had looked at him as if he were crazy but she repeated her statement Jerry had then broken into wild laughter The cause of his mysterious allergy had become all too clear Jerry had gotten in the habit of taking a box of crackers to bed with him to ease hunger pangs that sometimes kept him awake at night

He had stopped eating crackers in bed and the itching had gone away

From then on Jerry had made it a point never to overlook the obvious and most simple solution to his problems It had worked well for him and now as he realized what a time he had been giving himself over Rita he had to laugh

Jerry was whistling as he prepared breakfast dressed and drove off to work

Everybody in the office commented on his unusually cheerful manner

You look like the cat that ate the well known canary Eddie Rome had said stopping by Jerry's desk to inform him of his progress with Rita

Just to make your day even more cheerful Eddie said smugly I thought I'd mention that it's only a matter of time before Rita ends up in the arms of the irresistible Eddie Rome'

He didn't wait to see Jerry's reaction he was so used to the flush of red that rushed to Jerry's face every time he had mentioned Rita before

This time Jerry didn't react as usual to Eddie's needling He smiled broadly as he watched Eddie's back retreating down the aisle

Late that afternoon Jerry made a couple of phone calls Pleased with himself he got up and walked over to the water cooler where Eddie had Rita deeply engrossed in conversation

Say you two, how'd you like to go boating this weekend? Jerry asked innocently enough A friend of mine offered to let me use his sailboat I can use a little help sailing it

You *do* know about sailing don't you Eddie?'

Eddie quickly began recounting his boyhood adventures at his family's summer place I was practically raised on the water I had my own boat when I was twelve and in college I used to enter races but it wasn't fair to most of the other guys so I stopped I devoted my time to swimming and diving from then on until I ran out of competition

I haven't sailed in years so I might be a little rusty but it should come back pretty quickly

Rita's eyes lit up with adoration as she listened raptly to Eddie's exploits

Jerry smiled as he too listened It's a date then I'll pick you both up bright and early'

Jerry picked Rita up first Saturday morning and when they reached Eddie's place a small bungalow outside town he was already standing on the curb waiting for them

Gee I'm sorry as hell Eddie said holding up his right hand It was thickly bandaged

I was trying to open a bottle last night some wine a friend of mine sent me over from France and the damned thing slipped and I got a nasty cut Nothing serious but I'm afraid I won't be a whole lot of help on the boat today

Both Jerry and Rita assured him that they would manage and besides Jerry said Eddie could give them instructions and they could do the work

The bay was slightly choppy as Jerry cast off the boat He didn't fail to notice the slightly uneasy look on Eddie's face as he headed for the channel

An hour later it was obvious that Eddie was feeling violently ill Not seasick are you?' Jerry asked solicitously

Of course not, I've just got a little bit of a hangover Eddie replied I told you I was raised on the water

Eddie's condition got rapidly worse but Jerry pretended not to notice Rita was concerned but accepted Eddie's story about too much wine the night before

It happened so suddenly that nobody could recall later exactly how it had happened Jerry was squeezing past Rita when the boat gave a roll that knocked him into her Rita screamed as she tumbled into the chilly water of the bay

Go get her Eddie Jerry shouted I'll get a rope and throw it to her

Eddie however could only cower in the stern of the boat pure terror gripping his handsome features

I can't swim he finally acknowledged This is the first time I've ever been on the water in my life Besides I'm seasick

With a look of disgust at Eddie Jerry leaped into the water Strong strokes brought him to Rita's side Expertly he hauled her back to the boat thanking his lucky stars for the lifesaving course he had taken years ago

Back on the boat he helped Rita to dry off and wrapped a blanket around her Eddie still cringed in the stern his head over the side The misery of his condition was total

Later that night, as he moved to Rita and took her in his arms Jerry felt a twinge of pity for Eddie Rita had been angrier than he had ever seen her as she called Eddie all kinds of phony Eddie had been unable to do anything except suffer as she let him have it.

As his hands roamed over the smooth flesh of Rita's body however Jerry put Eddie completely out of his mind He bent his head and kissed Rita's throbbing breasts and when he finally moved to her a low moan of pleasure escaped her

They had been violent in their lovemaking Rita held Jerry to her tightly her fingernails raking the flesh of his shoulders as she unleashed the passion she had held inside her for too long

Jerry almost passed out as he released himself to the desire that overwhelmed him

There was silence in the bedroom except for the gentle creaking of the bedsprings and the moans that escaped from the very depths of Rita's being

Later as he held Rita in his arms Jerry heard her murmur I don't know what I ever saw in that phony anyway Please love me again

'It itches when we make love Stop eating crackers in bed Jerry said softly

What? Rita asked puzzled

It's just an expression Jerry said taking her in his arms He made love to her again and yet again before they both slept

Before he dropped off to sleep he couldn't help chuckling He knew Eddie would have remembered by now that a long time ago his had confided in Jerry that he had never learned to swim and that he got seasick in the bathtub Always look for the simplest solution Jerry thought with a smile ●

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